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EL SALVADOR: UNDER THE VOLCANO



Common foe

The time has come when Canadians must realize that we are all as one (*Shambles From the North*, Cover, June 1). We send millions of dollars to other countries while our own future rots before our eyes. It is sad that little children die of diseases that shouldn't exist in this country. Every human being has a right to a space of his own. Surely there is enough room in this great country of ours for every one of us to live and grow. If the northern Indians think the government is their opponent, then everyone in this country thinks so too. At least we have one thing in common.

—WENDE SWANSON,
Jarvis, Ont.

The long tail of the law?

The law of Alberta is an act, you seem to say (*Death Comes at Barriere Peace*, Canada, June 1), because a statute sets the value of a life rather than judges and juries. It is, however, less naive than the Alberta statute it replaces, under which courts found themselves obliged to make arbitrary awards of money to dead people. By your standard it must also be less naive than the law of the paymasters which do not provide any award at all. At least the Alberta statute recognizes that it is the living to whom money has significance.

—N. HUBBERT,
Director, The Institute
of Law Research and Reform,
Edmonton

PASSAGES



HEARD: Bob Brooks, 43, former coach of the gold-medal-winning U.S. Olympic hockey team, by the New York Rangers of the east, who have not won a Stanley Cup in 42 years; and former Los Angeles Kings coach, Bob Berry, 35, of Verdun, Que., by the Montreal Canadiens to replace Claude Ruel, who resigned after the Habs lost out in the first round of the 1983-84 playoffs.

DEED: Barbara Ward, 67, British economist and author (see Editorial, page 3).

NOMINATED: as U.S. ambassador to Canada, Paul Robinson, 56, a wealthy Chicago financier. It would be a new career for the man who was Illinois finance chairman for Ronald Reagan's



May Diamond: our own future rots

Railway philanthropy

Alma Pottinger's criticism of Canadian Pacific for its failure to provide philanthropic contributions to Canada, in ill-founded (*Godlike the CPR*, Column, June 1), Andrew Carnegie set up the libraries and Henry Ford it created the Ford Foundation, but they did it with their own money. True, that money came from their businesses, but the gifts were personal. It is typically the wealthy individual rather than the corporation who supports the arts, sciences and charities. Of course, whether that justifies a system that permits the amassing of great personal wealth is another matter.

—EDWARD D. WAILES,
Fredericton, N.B.

The Golden Crows and the people of Canada should be reminded that the Golden Crows was given an empire of our most precious resource, land, to ensure that the Golden Crows would hold in perpetuity a constantly appreciating asset to pay the cost of transporting grain to market. This gigantic corporation needs to be told daily that if the Golden Crows wants to abandon the Crow rate, the Golden Crows should return to the people of Canada the land, just for starters.

—W. J. SCOTT
Regina

Hard-baked truth

Your review of the new George Orwell biography (*Some Writers Are More Equal Than Others*, Books, May 18) compared him to "France's Albert Camus." I realize I'm merely an illiterate, unimprinted Yankee, but I thought Camus hailed from the hard-baked Algeria that he so magnificently captured in his novels.

—ROBERT J. PUGHAN JR.,
Prince George, B.C.

The long and winding road

Surely the profile on Lenzy Rema (*Shambles From a Season in Hell*, Profiles, June 1) has to be the greatest example of cheap sensationalism written in a long time. Did anyone stop to consider the effect this might have on Lenzy (and his family)? Certainly he has had problems, but to those of us in the business it's his music that counts. It's a pity that you didn't concentrate more on explaining Rema's fantastic accomplishments in guitar.

—RONA COXSON,
Johannesburg, Ont.

presidential campaign last year. The long-awaited appointment fills the post left vacant in January when Kenneth Curtis, a Democrat, resigned.

DATE: Carl Vinson, 92, the longest-serving member of the U.S. House of Representatives, in Milledgeville, Ga. First elected to the House in 1914, he served as a member for 58 years. Vinson was the longtime chairman of the House naval affairs committee and was responsible for building up the navy before the Second World War.



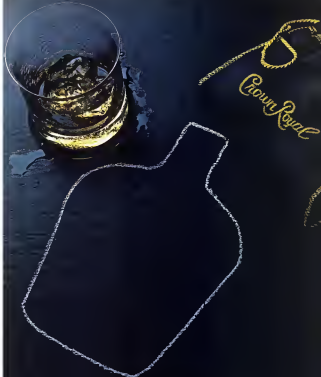
SENTENCED: Barry Ackerman, 38, of Calgary, Alta., to life imprisonment by a Thai court which found him guilty of poisoning about 758 grams of heroin for trafficking. Ackerman's lawyers say he was convicted on circumstantial evidence and are planning to appeal.



STAYING: James Earl Ray, 33, the convicted killer of Martin Luther King Jr., allegedly by fellow inmates at the Brushy Mountain state prison, Tenn., while serving a 99-year sentence for the 1968 King murder. Twenty-two wounds were inflicted with a knife made from a metal spoon blade.

ELECTED: Roy Lee Williams, president by acclamation of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the largest union in the U.S., for a five-year term, despite his indictment on charges of trying to bribe a U.S. senator.

DISSENTED: Bora Laskin, 68, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, with an honorary doctorate of civil law by New York University last week. The situation called Laskin the "modernizing architect of Canada's constitution" and "a legal giant."



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Some of the equipment shown is optional and not included in the base price.

Advice au Bourgeoismon

Ever since the election of François Mitterrand as president of France (*Weekend Edition*), the media has been full of tales of doom and gloom at the Paris stock exchange and prisons of poor, dependent businessmen. There is only one solution to their heart-wrenching plight: let them out en masse! —MICHEL BAILLON, *Edmonton*

A blast from nuclear families

And the confusion engendered by both conservative and liberal cultural views, many people are prepared to devote themselves to developing personal relationships that might give some meaning to their lives. It is especially galling then when Marlene's wastes a page on the shallow ideas of Gale Garnett (*Kat for Sister, And for Women*, Potomac, May 26). If Garnett wishes to wallow in self-indulgence that is her business, but most people are probably tired of hearing about such egotistic lifestyles. It would better serve to devote the space to help the many who are trying to make a relationship work than to the childish, selfish excesses of one who can't appreciate the value of tolerance and understanding. —LARRY SIMMONS, *Vancouver*

Garnett's column is a shallow reflection of a person who "can barely sustain who she is at any given moment." Perhaps she just hasn't met the right one yet to make her a complete woman. With her brilliant attitude she does in fact belong in a world where she can



François Mitterrand, only one solution to their heart-wrenching plight

"sing in the machine, laugh every day and... be on her way." How does she make it through New York and Toronto winters? —BARBARA MITCHELL, *Toronto*

Does Gale Garnett really believe what she wrote? If so, it only identifies her with the Me generation and demonstrates her ignorance of what the marital commitment is all about. Those of us who have raised legitimate children in our breeding parental way, and whose children live in the honor of looking upon their family as an island of stability in a turbulent society, reject her flip philosophy as cheap sensationalism.

—JIM MANNING, *Victoria, B.C.*

Terror of all shades

Peter Newman's elaborations on "elements of lawlessness that have even permeated the top levels of some Third World governments" (*The May Here No Government But Not Here In Law*, Editorial, May 26) seem disappointingly lopsided in their disregard for the complexities of international terrorism. It is true that the international community did not particularly chastise anti-law Ch. Khadafi. However, his "legalized" terrorism, committed by detachments of all shades around the world on their own citizens, been chastised and outlawed? Some readers would appreciate a more sophisticated way of analyzing complex international systems. —DOROTHY VINCIGU, *Toronto*

Captain and the IRA

Shame on you, being a subscriber for longer than I care to remember, I was very disappointed that in the May 18 issue you chose to give second billing to the postcard scandal (*The Spread of Saint Sprague*, Canada, May 18), which affects the lives of all Canadians, and

featured a cover story about an idiot who decided to starve himself to death. We need more investigative journalism and coverage of real Canadian events, not dramatic, shallow, international events. —JOHN C. WELLS, *Dave Lake, Nfld.*

Hoist the anchor

Your article *Bonus at Anchor* (*Business*, May 18) misses a point and repeats an all too common misconception. The Bank of Canada is not pursuing a "tight money policy." It is following a high interest rate policy, hoping against hope that this will discourage borrowing and hence reduce money supply growth. It is not working so far, apparently because governments, corporations and individuals are not deterred by the high price and are continuing to borrow at a hectic pace. This borrowing is being "accommodated" by money supply growth. If *Bonus* is serious about inflation, he should reduce money supply growth regardless of borrowing demands. He doesn't have to crunch the system, but it borders on the irresponsible to leave it as it is. —D.P. THOMAS, *Toronto*

Feeding the fat

In *Less Dollars and More Sense* (Politics, May 18) Clark Tebbi failed to examine the reason for the ineffectiveness of foreign aid: the social structures of the Third World communities. Due to the unequal distribution of land and productive capital there exists a power structure which allows the few rural and urban parasites to be the main beneficiaries of foreign aid.

—MARIO LACROIX, *St. Leonard, Que.*

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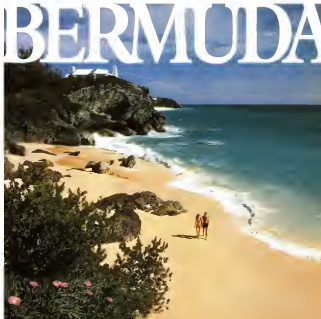
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The press isn't quite free

'We never know precisely who is going to own us—or our mortgages—next'

By Robert Lewis

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one." Since the great American iconoclast A.J. Lasker passed his vestment on newspaper take-overs for *The New Yorker* in 1960, concentration of ownership in this business of a powerful few—with their own ears and wickets to grind—has accelerated like Columbus racing over Cape Canaveral. Twenty years ago in Canada, independent publishers controlled three-quarters of daily circulation. Today, single owners reach only one-quarter of the readers in English Canada and a mere tenth in French-speaking Quebec. With the demise of competition, the newspaper has become just another profit centre for conglomerates.

The damnable agony in writing about all of this is that so few of us in the trade are untouched by the squeeze. Our conflicts of interest are as thick as trees in the forest. When I started as a cub reporter with *The Montreal Star* in 1964, it was independently owned, as was our arch rival up the hill, *The Gazette*. Today *The Montreal Star* is gone, killed by the FT chain which, in turn, sold out to Thomson. *The Gazette* is now part of Southern Inc. As for government intervention, I worked for Time until a year before it closed its Canadian edition in response to a bill that would—argued the commissioner of Maclean's magazine from a monthly to a weekly. All of which is to warn that, while we try not to tread softly, we never know precisely who is going to own us—and our mortgages—next. Yet even Southern columnist Charles Lynch last week up the money tower of our trade when he notes, "You don't feel inclined to stick your neck out and antagonize the remaining owners."

One thing that can be said with a certain degree of confidence is that Tom Kent's Royal Commission on Investigating the Ownership and Control of the Press, July 1 deadline, should concentrate on ways to get journalists back in control of journalism. It's a daunting, probably impossible assignment, made no easier by the Trudeau government's decision to ignore Senator Kent Davy's call for a press ownership review board 10 years ago. The fumes from Bay Street have long since reached the hen house. Given their determination to start papers, there are few left to buy.

Kent and fellow commissioners Borden Speers and Laurent Picard have been urged to reassess donations by the chains. But for what? So that a Brascan or the Brookmans can grab a paper from Thomson or Southern? Why not, then, go all the way and eliminate the tax on foreign ownership of newspapers? World Arthur Gelman, publisher of *The New York Times* or Katherine Graham of *The Washington Post* are by no means committed to editorial excellence than publishers behind Henderson of the Toronto

Star or Jean-Louis Roy of *Le Devoir*?

To be sure, the Kent commissioners in their report next month should insist that no chain shall own more than one daily—and no radio or television outlet—in the same marketplace. Further, they should reiterate Davy's call for an ownership review board and insist that companies, having given sufficient notice of mergers or changes, state their case in public. That way, citizens could judge whether merger schemes are in the public interest, and prospective purchasers could step forward before the presses are hustled out the door with the diminished staff. The rationale for special measures is simple: newspapers are special. They set the agenda for public debate, do us nothing of the story lamp for *The World at Eight*, and serve as one guardian for freedom of speech.

The Kent commissioners should flatly reject the proposal for a print version of the CBC, funded by taxpayers. The state has no place in the newsrooms of the nation. The notion kicking around commission back rooms that local panels of citizens should be established to approve the appointment of newspaper bosses in a community is folly. Does a nation with a natural governing party in Ottawa and twinning regional houses wait its press assembled over lunch at the Board of Trade too?

Kent might consider using the tax system to encourage excellence and commonness in the commonsense. Big chains and firms with assets above a fixed amount, for example, could be barred from deducting loans used in newspaper take-overs. Similarly, individuals or groups of modest means might qualify for federal bridge financing to launch or acquire a paper. If the taxpayers can bail out Chrysler, why not *The Winnipeg Tribune*?

The most important reforms, however, will have to come from the trade itself. Newspapers, even other publications, ought to sign up as voluntary members of new provincial press councils, totally independent of government. News papers should publish annual statements of editorial goals and reveal how much they spend gathering the news as a percentage of revenues. The press councils—say, a butcher, a baker, a mover-and-shaker—could examine the claims against performance and adjudicate complaints from the public. Concomitantly, they should publish quarterly statements of ownership and interests over and above the newspaper. The press of Canada, in sum, should be open about its ways—with the same passion it brings to discovering truth about others. As another legendary American journalist, Heywood Brown, once observed, "It wouldn't keep about a shoe factory or a tooth-tooth railroad shutting down. But newspapers are different." In fact, they are an endangered species and it's time to give them special care.

Robert Lewis is Maclean's Ottawa bureau chief



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Life after 'Fort Apache, the Bronx'



Block after block of rubble (above), the LoSchioro's powerful negative image.

By Rita Christophrer

German visitors now take guided tours of the ruins, usually well-situated that the destruction the United States has wrought on one of its own cities is, proportionally, equals the war-torn bombings of Dresden and last summer, delegates to the Democratic National Convention toured the burned-out blocks so they could return to the small towns of the South and the Midwest with the much-boasted claim they had seen the vilest scenes, if only behind the domes of a nightmarish world.

After more than four years ago, the South Bronx has become a pre-revolutionary international symbol of urban devastation. Moreover, much interest media have rendered a bloodied world, Hollywood has now reimagined in Fort Apache, the Bronx, a violent wilderness to life in New York City's last police precinct.

The only trouble is that Fort Apache is at least five years out of date, as are most of the preconceptions of the decline and fall of civilization in the Bronx, one of the few boroughs that make up New York City. Things are so quiet at Fort Apache these days that the officers of the 41st have taken to



'Things are so quiet at Fort Apache these days that the officers of the 41st call their station house "the little house on the prairie"'

calling their station house "the little house on the prairie," a tacit admission not only of a 65-per-cent drop in the crime rate, but also of the acres of deserted, brick-strewn lots that ring the station house, making it appear like an outpost on a deserted plain.

"The kind of image of a fire-ravaged South Bronx that you get is Fort Apache really belongs to the late '60s and early '70s, during a period of great general social upheaval in civil rights demonstrations and Vietnam War protests," says Bob Williams, an aide to Bronx Borough President Simon. "It simply doesn't reflect the scene in the South Bronx today." Adds an Irish Bronx, whose roots in the Bronx go back to the small candy store his father owned: "What a cheap shot that movie was. Chicago and Detroit have much worse scenes than the South Bronx, but you don't see anyone making movies about them, do you?"

Even if crimeless areas are no longer a critical problem for the South Bronx, the powerful negative image those days created must eventually die. "When I say I live in the Bronx, the first thing people do is gawk and ask me whether my street is burned out," says Linda LoSchioro who, with her husband, Joe, bought a house in the Bedford Park section of the Bronx 4½ years ago.

"People mean up here expecting to see the entire borough in ruins, as though the South Bronx were the whole Bronx," complains Irina Lukanova of the Bronx County Historical Society. "We are trying to turn their images around." The society's efforts include renting the drum for such well-known attractions as the Bronx Zoo and the New York Botanical Garden, as well as organizing walking tours of interesting landmarks such as the Van Cortlandt House, where both British and American forces made headquarters at different times during the Revolutionary War of 1776.

Still, beyond its historical monuments and its parks (which cover a full 25 per cent of its area) the Bronx is a borough of neighborhoods, where loyalty to "the block" and to ethnic identity have stubbornly resisted the centrifugal forces of amalgamation. From the towers of Co-Op City, a middle-income housing development rising almost surreptitiously on the landfill at the edge of Pelham Bay, and the tightly knit Italian community that surrounds Arthur Avenue, to desperately suburban Riverdale, Rosetoners habitually

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answer questions about where they live with the name of their particular enclave rather than the borough.

Atlanta's Riverside Park area retains a decidedly standstill attitude toward the rest of the Bronx. Commuters in proper Madison Avenue middle-brow graffitied sidewalks to ride to Manhattan on the Canal commuter line along with their spiritual peers from Scarsdale and Ossining. "I always tell people I live in Riverside," says lawyer-turned-writer John J. O'Brien, the author of *Paper Chase*. "I never even knew it was part of the Bronx until I took my bar exam." O'Brien's confusion is understandable. He lives in the gatehouse of a 50-acre estate that looks like suburban Connecticut, a reminder of the time at the turn of the century when affluent city dwellers bought country houses in remote, wooded sections of the Bronx.

Local pride persists as stubbornly as neighborhood identity, albeit a bit on the defensive after the tidal waves of negative publicity. "I've been living in the Bronx for 30 years, raised five children here near Mosholu Parkway, and nobody can tell me this wasn't a good place to bring them up," says Iringard Lohmann.

Still, for all the brave words, no one would confuse the Bronx's main shopping area along Pordham Road, with its cut-rate shops and discount banners in English and Spanish, with Beverly Hills's Rodeo Drive. And the borough's ancient housing stock is now both decrepit and depressing. Recently released U.S. census statistics show the Bronx lost more housing units in the past decade than any other comparable section of the country. With the borough's population estimated at between 60 and 70 per cent, many of whom lack basic education and technical skills, the Bronx suffers chronic problems of high unemployment along with the demoralization, family disintegration and delinquency that joblessness engenders. A palpable air of hopelessness hangs over many of the borough's poverty-stricken neighborhoods, where life very often seems reduced to a grim struggle just to survive.

The social decline mirrors the Bronx's political decline. Once Bronx politicians were powerful figures on the national political scene, when county leader Ed Flynn was a Roosevelt crony and chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Today, local politics have so thin an evenness that no one is based at city hall. "We aren't given half a chance in this city," complains Jean Papa, secretary to former Bronx Borough president Herman Badillo. Congressmen Robert Garcia, who represents the South Bronx, and Louis Ladd, the Bronx doesn't have anything like the

national clout it had in Ed Flynn's days."

Despite its obvious problems, Garcia, along with many other Bronx residents, won't better those coming. Although Jimmy Carter's grandiose plans to build a large suburban housing complex on Charlotte Street were already vetoed as unrealistic by New York City officials, Borough President Street points with pride to the 16,000 new houses

South Bronx residents (below), O'Brien family (bottom): illegal pride parade



units constructed in the past two years. Real estate developers have begun construction of one-priced areas such as the Grand Concourse, a wide boulevard bordered by apartments noted for their elaborate art-deco facades. "I know a lot of people who grew up in the Bronx who swear that if the area is rebuilt they want to come back," says lawyer Marcine Centeno, a South Bronx native

who chose to remain in the borough.

In fact, with skyrocketing interest rates and even higher energy costs, a renovated brownstone in the Bronx may well become a more realistic dream for some couples than the traditional suburban split-level. "One of the advantages of living in an older neighborhood like the Bronx is the services you have," says urban homesteader Joe Lucchiaro. "We have great transportation—both buses and subways—and all the other little things you need: delis, restaurants, laundries, shoe repair shops. In some of these newer areas you can find cute little shops that sell quiche and salad, but if you want to have your shoes fixed, forget it—you have to go to New Jersey."

At least Bronx dwellers won't have to go far for a taste of highbrow entertainment. While the cultural apogee of the streets is often during 24 hours a day from a clubbing-outpost rock, residents will be able to find live music fare at the new \$5-million art complex at Lehman College, a part of the City University of New York. The center promises performances of Broadway shows and appearances by major symphony orchestras and ballet companies.

Even more than a memorable past decade, however, the Bronx needs jobs to break the cycle of poverty that has trapped many of its suburban-level residents. Congressman Garcia, a liberal Democrat, has teamed with upstate Buffalo Congressman Jack Kemp, a conservative Republican with his eyes on New York's gubernatorial election next year, to propose "interregional zones" for the South Bronx. The two congressmen, usually an opposite side of political fences, are united in the belief that their plan, offering tax breaks and federal incentives for private businesses that would locate in the specially designated areas, holds the promise of desperately needed jobs for the South Bronx. However, the Reagan administration budget cuts endanger not only tax incentives but much federal aid for the South Bronx.

Nonetheless, so much as tax breaks and federal programs, Congressman Garcia places his hopes for the future in the determination and activities of his constituents. "You always hear about the bad," he says, "but do you hear about Mr. Torres, a bartender who has put one son through law school and has another who wants to go to medical school?" Or the South Bronx woman whose daughter in Wa. 1 is her claim as a mother on the school? We can build the Bronx up again," he adds, his voice softening with determination and the weariness of constantly battling the odds. "It's all achievable—or else why am I spending my days working my tail off?"

FOLLOW-UP



Remains support houses damaged by the quake: set caught between two hits

Rebuilding in the ruins

By Thomas Luria

Scaldis, once a thriving commercial center in the heart of Italy's troubled south, today has the bizarre aspect of a Hollywood set caught between two hits. The remains of buildings ripped apart by last November's earthquake still await their final demolition, while brand new prefabricated shops and offices are sprouting up on dirt lots among the ruins. Historic Salerno has come to resemble a bustling frontier town. Across the street from the collapsed city hall, the makeshift Mary and Victor boutique displays the latest fashions in female underwear. Two-age couples scarce home-made ice cream at a one-room profits parlour. A few kilometres away, the small leather-wear factories that are the town's main source of prosperity have resumed production in aluminum garages, and business is almost back to normal.

Ortuno, however, are impatient for something more permanent. "People are working again, but there's no sign of reconstruction yet," says Luigi Fontana, a 62-year-old barber who now operates out of a wood-paneled hut. "We have faith in our own strength, but not

in our politicians," he said. "While we wait, the state drops."

The basic needs of food, clothing and shelter have been met thanks largely to private efforts—donations from northern Italian cities, aid organizations and foreign countries. But officials must now confront the tougher challenge of reconstruction. Italy plans to spend \$8.5 billion on reconstruction over the next three years. But it took parliament six months to push through an emergency decree allocating these funds. Most observers fear the government's ambitious plans will be bogged

down by bureaucratic hassles, conflicting local interests and general disorganization. After much hesitation, Canada's National Committee for Aid and Reconstruction agreed last month to use the \$5.3 million collected from private and government donations to build a home for the aged, several school gymnasium buildings and \$4.6 million in housing projects.

Housing is still an urgent concern. Six months have passed since Europe's deadliest earthquake in 60 years jolted 12,000 square miles in the regions of Campania and Basilicata, and left 3,000



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Pre-fabricated houses and laundry in Penco Paganu, crumpled but spotlessly clean



food and another 300,000 bananas. After a bitterly cold and snowy winter passed in tents and trailers, many survivors are now waiting for the temporary prefabricated houses promised by the government.

Although the government allocated \$1.2 billion for emergency relief and housing aid, local authorities claim it is not enough. Some 100,000 homeless are now housed in trailers and metal containers. Another 12,000 have moved into seaside hotels at government expense, and an estimated 50,000 survivors have joined relatives abroad or in northern Italian cities. But many of these quake refugees have begun to return to their villages, and by the beginning of summer the hotel occupants will be pushed out by tourists. This has made the problem of adequate housing and sanitary facilities imperative. "The winter was very hard, but at least there were no epidemics. Now we're worried that the warm weather will bring new health problems," said Lorenzo Babinetti, the mayor of Penco Paganu, a pretty village in the province of Arezzo.

Like most of the other stricken communities, Penco Paganu today seems little more than an extended trailer camp. The onset of warmer weather has raised local spirits, and most people seem determined to get on with their lives. Lucia Vallaria, a 53-year-old mother of two small children, works part-time in a prefabricated center that provides three free meals a day to about 100 occupants of her model trailer camp. The family's one-room quarters are cramped but spotlessly clean, as are the public shower and toilet facilities (five each for men and women) at the far end of the camp. "It's not like having your own house, but at least we have the basic requirements," said Vallaria, who nonetheless doubts the prospect of spending another winter in a trailer.

Penco Paganu has been promised 400



'We have faith in our own strength, but not in our politicians. While we wait, the state sleeps'



Empty Canadian tents in San' Angelo: reconstruction means nothing without work

prefabricated houses and full fuel, enough to accommodate most of the town's homeless. But to render these shelters livable, authorities must install electricity, plumbing, a sewer system and telephones. "Every move has to pass through a long bureaucratic process before getting approved, and this creates delays," explained Mayor Babinetti.

Until now, Canada's main contribution, aside from the emergency aid sent immediately after the quake, has been the provision of 40 waterproof aluminum-framed and fabric tent-roof structures. Recalled Babinetti, whose town received three of the structures last December. "Those tents were our salvation. We used them for everything—church services, town meetings, schools, social events." However, in San' Angelo del Lombardo, one of the worst-hit towns, the Canadian tents came too late to shelter the homeless, and are too small for community needs. Most of the 11 structures sent to the town are still empty.

Of the 506 towns damaged by the quake, 30 were totally destroyed. Today, the homeless are seeking communities that their communities will be rebuilt. San' Angelo area inhabitants firmly oppose proposals to relocate quake victims in completely new towns a few kilometres away from the disaster zone. "We're determined to rebuild our town exactly where it was before," said Gregoria Grassi, city planning commissioner. This attachment of survivors to their land was reflected in the widespread refusal of homeless families to accept temporary encampments. In San' Angelo, the quake killed at least 500 people and left more than 3,000 homeless, but still only about 80 victims agreed to be housed in hotels along the coast. Those who stayed also felt a constant presence in the golden-hill town was the best means of preserving the

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government into action. But according to one high-ranking relief official, the most crucial task is to ensure the area's economic survival, and this could entail some regrouping. "Reconstruction will mean nothing if we don't bring work to the area as well," he said.

The great task of rebuilding will be complicated by the need to stimulate the area's economy and social life. Italy's south has an unemployment rate double that of the north. Despite years of government programs aimed at boosting the local economy, per-capita income remains almost half the national average. Some optimists believe that reconstruction will offer a golden opportunity to revive the neglected south, but most observers are skeptical. The earthquake caused billions of dollars in damage to flourishing industry and worsened the problems of an already spiralling agriculture. "Now there's a demolition and repair work to do, but once this is done what job will I find here?" asked 19-year-old Cesare Gaspari, who plans to leave Pozzo Pagano for a job in the north. "I'd like to stay in my town, but I have no faith that things will get better."

Current efforts to install temporary housing have spawned tales of profiteering. Some officials have complained privately that local building companies, many of which allegedly are controlled by the camorra (the Neapolitan mafia), are asking double their normal rates for construction in the quake-hit towns.

The Red Brigades sought to exploit local tensions in April with their kidnapping of Ciri DeLillo, the Christian Democratic politician in charge of handling reconstruction contracts. The kidnappers have demanded the requisitioning of arrested houses for quake victims, and greater unemployment benefits for the thousands of Neapolitan jobless. So far the terrorists have failed in these bid for public support, though some observers believe their threats could accelerate government action.

Certainly the past record is unimpressive. Nine thousand 12 years after a massive earthquake struck the shadowy valley of Belice, 35,000 victims still live in wood and tin shacks. The northern Friuli region has fared better since its 1976 earthquake, but reconstruction is still only half completed.

In Campania and Basilicata, survivors worry that their plight will soon be forgotten. One discouraging sign is that the local highway authority recently put up new green and white road markers that drew motorists to the earthquake zone. "The worst risk," cautioned one local mayor, "is that we will remain a permanent disaster area—a new Pompeii for tourists to visit." ☐

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Bell's Taccarelli: the agency of paying

"**N**othing dates faster than one era's vision of the future," says Robert Hughes, narrator of the TV series *The Shock of the New*. If you remember the 1960s vision of sweeping highways and blade-length cars, you may agree that the future is here, and it's the price. For the suburban commuter in particular, shock may not be so much in the unexpected as in the agency of paying for transportation to and from work in Toronto. From Newmarket, for instance, it costs an average of \$175 a month in gas and car maintenance, from Pickering, about \$99.

In an effort to help employees' such rising commuting costs, more and more large companies in Ontario—uple the number in 1980 over 1975—are sponsoring van pools to transport their employees to work conveniently and cheaply. Within the suburbanite's reach, say a van pool fare of about \$62 a month from Newmarket, \$49.50 from Pickering. The idea of employer-sponsored vans began in St. Paul, Minn., in 1923, when the 3M Company organized six vans for its long-distance commuters. The concept mushroomed and today there are more than 12,000 van pools operating in the U.S.

Ontario joined the vanpool scene recently. Chrysler started van pooling as its own in April, 1987, and in November, 1976, the Ontario ministry of transportation and communications began promoting the concept to companies large enough—with more than 500 employees—to be able to co-ordinate a con-

tribution of riders in one suburban area. Now some companies in all, including Bell Canada, 3M Canada Inc., Ross Metals in Sudbury and Worthington in Mississauga, have initiated programs and eight more have signed up to begin this fall. Most companies absorb the cost of the three or four months' paperwork that's usually involved in starting up a program, but once the vans are running, firms cover everything.

Drivers, usually company volunteers, ride free of charge once they have passed rigorous training and defensive driving courses. And they pocket a little

profit, too. Once the company decides how many passenger fares it needs to break even, the remaining fares go to the driver as an incentive to keep the van at its 11-passenger capacity.

Why such altruism toward employees? Well, for one thing, it's great PR for a company to be so visibly energy-conscious. By keeping eight or nine cars off the road, 10,000 litres of gas are saved per year over the distance the vans typically travel—an average of 60 km round trip per day. With gas at about 33 cents a litre, that's \$6,600 per van, or \$547,800 for the 85 employ-

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Norm Jolley, Bob and Schroeder in better shape for the family

sponsored vans now raising in the province.

Perhaps less obvious than the financial benefits is an individual, the convenience of door-to-door transit, the guaranteed pickup and worry-free enforced punctuality are the social bonuses. "People who lived within two blocks of each other in Pickering," says

Bell's van pool administrator Sherlie Tannenhill, "were unaware they worked in the same building until they signed up for the van pool. Now they get together for Christmas parties, birthday parties and summer barbecues."

Some riders are happiest about the way in which van pooling enhances family relations. "You exposed your

troubles to people who know what you're talking about," says Norma Schroeder, a secretary with IBM, "and by the time you get home, you're relaxed and fresh." For Bob Jolley, IBM's employee benefits administrator, it's the avoidance of highway driving in bad weather that gets him home "in better shape for the family."

Beyond the happy workmen and the glowing corporate image lies another, more financially concrete benefit for sponsor companies. Keeping tight on gas can cut off the road in keeping the same number off the company's parking lot. Big deal? In 1979, Bell Canada saved a \$58,000 parking lot expansion proposal at 180 Wyndham Drive and subsequently initiated a van pool program for commuting employees. The \$52,000 it cost Bell to administer the van pool system looked good on the bottom line.

With the Toronto-area parking price of gas up more than 20 per cent in the past year and expected to rise steadily by at least the same amount over the next three years, van pooling makes great sense as a way of stretching income. Mind you, it doesn't necessarily mean self-denial. "I was so impressed with the money I saved by not having to buy a car," says methods analyst Diane Ellis, who has been a driver with IBM for two years, "that I bought myself a mink coat."

—KERRY DEAN

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COVER

UNDER THE VOLCANO

El Salvador has always been a bloody, frightened land; now it's about to erupt

Last week, *NBC* anchor Ed Bradley returned from his 21-day mission to Central America. He had failed, despite a string of in-depth talks with the leaders of Cuba, Nicaragua, Mexico, Venezuela, El Salvador and the Salvadoran rebel forces, to mediate in El Salvador's bloody civil war. In fact, tensions throughout the entire volatile region are escalating, as Maclean's senior writer Val Ron, who has just returned from a 36-day trip to El Salvador and Nicaragua, reports.

During a brief stay in El Salvador—from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m.—when the military shoots to kill and death squads roam the roads—there is nothing ordinary people can do but stay indoors, wait and listen. In the volcano the present government cannot as well not control, at least 20,000 people have been tortured, shot, burnt or literally backed to meat with machetes. According to the latest reports of the national human rights commission, such searching results at least 70 more bodies. So even on peaceful nights, when a best-of-both worlds light across the smooth Pacific, one remains as much from watchfulness as from fear.

Waiting for sleep to come to him and his head become guests, a young Salvadoran listens through the bones of war for the sound of gunfire. Tonight, something happens. His legs drop sleep, his servants clear away the dinner dishes. Nevertheless, the man keeps his 307 Magnum within reach—even as he throws the sticks of the Chinese prophecy Book of Changes, the *I Ching*, a practice he picked up in his community days in the United States. No Salvadoran with anything left to lose lets journalists use his real name. But the young man is real; he once searched for George McGovern and took courses in revolutionary politics. Now revolution



has come to his own country. It has divided his wealth, hardening family and taken his most valuable friends into the mountains to join the guerrillas. "I can understand why," he confesses softly. "But there must be an alternative, a safer role of change." The last night's silence is apparent, and guests sit immobile in the darkness. As the same question confronts policy-makers throughout the world, the darkness over El Salvador seems total.

El Salvador four centuries ago a conquistador whimsically named this resource-poor patch of volcanic jungle "The Savior"—before slaughtering its native inhabitants. Ever since, it has been a country where landless, illiterate half-breeds have been oppressed by a tiny, financially reactionary oligarchy. For the past 50 years of military rule, the five million inhabitants (average yearly income \$300) have kept silent their political resentments.

Today, violence in The Savior dwarfs that of Northern Ireland. A missionary from Victoria, B.C., who teaches English to the poor in the capital, San Salvador, says: "You get hardened to the deaths. Last weekend my seven- and 11-year-olds reported two bodies lying at the end of the block. I don't react as I used to." So many of the deaths seem gratuitous, casualties of the sheer excess of power wielded by the *Ignorant* oligarchy of La Herradura, a refuge camp 50 km northeast of the capital, Maria Hernandez. Hernandez shows reporters a trademark photo of her son Benjamin, who was taken away by the army last January for "subversive" activities as a sacristan in the village church. Up



A campesino grows sugar cane at San Isidro (top), armed guerrillas roaming San Salvador last summer.

to 80 per cent. of each harvest has been attributed to right-wing elements in the all-powerful armed forces and to hooded, plainclothes men riding pickup trucks—self-appointed death squads which the oligarchy supports and fur-

Maclean's
OCTOBER 1981



A morning round-up of bodies by the army last January in San Salvador.

which the military onslaught. When Monagu Gutierrez, a Canadian expatriate cyber filmmaker, was picked up by soldiers mere earlier this year, she was finally permitted to remove her blindfold in a National Guard station. A German captain told her: "We picked you up for your own protection. You should leave the country." Gutierrez did.

There has always been violence in this bloody, frightened land, but now it is political, part and parcel of the class war that currently divides the country and threatens world peace. At present, 5,000 leftist guerrillas control more than half the northern provinces of Morazan, Choluteca and Chalatenango. They are dug into 200-metre deep mortar-proof trenches on the slopes of the volcanoes. Right now, the rainy season is on their side, obscuring helicopter searches and the army's bombing runs. Well-armed against them—by the U.S. government, which says it is fighting "Soviet-equipped" terrorists—are the armed forces of a shaky coalition of hard-line and reform-minded military with a few genuine leftist democratic activists patrolled on, at U.S. insistence, as desertions. Much American effort must be spent keeping the junta together, for the military is known to have shot progressive members of its own government, such as Rodolfo Viera, head of the last reform program, who was gunned down last January. The battleships of this unworkable government seldom stay in one position longer than a month, are constantly seen being trussed about the countryside. It's a poor way to run a war, but army command is terrified lest another guerrilla



Alexander Scurro with photograph (top); soldiers in military camp (left); Broadbent and arrest guard leaving his presidential palace after meeting Duarte



defect to the left (as Santa Ana's did at the beginning of the year) or participate in the ultra-right military's threatened coup d'état. Despite their unpredictable loyalties, government troops are well-equipped with new M-16 rifles and field mortars and outnumber the guerrillas three to one. The civil war promises to be a long and costly one.

And the hope for a "new alternative"—a peaceful political situation—has never seemed more remote. Late last month, war leader Ed Broadbent in his capacity as vice-president of the Socialist International (SI), took the SI's offer to mediate in El Salvador's president, José Napoleón Duarte. Broadbent told reporters that the meeting "couldn't have been better." The following day the government officially quashed the SI's initiative, as it had done of the Russian Catholic Church, Mexico and West Germany, and reiterated that "elections remain the most adequate political solution." That's questionable, the head of the national election commission, Jorge Bonavente, has publicly stated that a fair, neutral law and violence, elections would be "a farce." Then, last week, the U.S. Embassy admitted that it had barely restrained the National Guard from ransacking the new office of the

country's centrist political party, the Christian Democrats—Duarte's own. All things considered, perhaps the young man on the bench is right to predict El Salvador's future is consultation with the U.S.

The country's divisions seem unbridgeable. Many who also believed in the possibility of moderate change have been utterly disillusioned. Last May, a widely published open letter to junta member Dr. José Antonio Morales Ehrlich from his son, José Antonio Morales Ehrlich, told his son's father that he was joining the guerrillas. Captured last June, he is now held in the crumbling custody of Santa Tecla. The prison is filthy, its cracked blue plaster splattered with red-pigmented blood. Morales Ehrlich welcomes visitors with a question: "If this government is correct, where are all the right-wing political prisoners?" His prison mates include Hector Escobar, leader of the country's largest group of trade unionists, held for 18 months without trial. Rafael Cuevas, a primary school teacher active in the teachers' union, and Francisco Quenda, a Costa Rican journalist imprisoned for making contacts with the left.

The constraints of these four as they gather round a rickety table in Santa



Duarte (wearing) with Ehrlich (left) after his return from Venezuelan exile in 1979



Sandwiched U.S. Ambassador, Morán Carbonell, the divisions seem unbridgeable

Tecla's ramshackle courtyard show how current repression has only hardened the opposition. Cuevas, showing reporters the wounds and scars on his chest and thighs he received after a torture session with the army, says his "revolutionary beliefs" have kept him from going mad with the pain. The journalist, Quenda, recalls how peasants in the San Vicente region resisted the army with bare hands and sticks. Then the lucky, bearded young Morales Carbonell states flatly: "The Christian Democrats came all the way by saying there'd be more if they weren't in the junta. I say they are opportunists, and a tool of American imperialism."

There have always been deep divisions in Salvadoran society, but once such revolutionary passions were as dominant as the country's green volcanoes. A decade ago the Salvadoran left consisted of a few young Marxist-Leninists who squabbled with a handful of radical students. Rapid industrialization changed that; the landless campesinos of El Salvador's 10th-century agricultural economy were catapulted into the 20th century. The once revolutionary Catholic Church was another catalyst. In the late 1960s, young priests, inspired by the "liberation theology" sweeping Latin America, began to farm the stone, kept-dull campesino into agricultural co-ops. They put

readers on their hands and quoted Marx from the village pulpit. Deeply alarmed, the oligarchy and the military conspired to smash their grip on the country. The army organized 60,000 (a network of rural spies and death squads) and defeated three presidential elections in a row. Dr. Pablo Córdova, rector of the national university (see box, page 18), was deprived of his victory in 1967. After the 1972 fraud, Córdova, together with the new president elect, José Napoleón Duarte, and his running mate, low professor Guillermo Ungo, were forced to flee. In 1977, death squads assassinated them when they were going to negotiate all the junta in the country; since then the right has killed 11 presidents, three U.S. men, the archbishop of San Salvador and several members of people who were simply good Catholic congressmen.

What brought the U.S. more sharply into this chaotic picture was an event in neighboring Nicaragua. The July, 1979, overthrow of dictator Anastasio Somoza. The shock waves rumbling through Central America emboldened the left, drew the right to ever more desperate defense and galvanized Washington. U.S. aid to El Salvador increased by 400 per cent, and the order came down: construct another revolution, reform first. A group of progressive young Salvadoran army officers got the mes-



Demonstration outside cathedral at the burial of a slain leftist leader last year

sage. On Oct. 18, 1978, led by a chess champion, Col. Adolfo Majano, they overthrew the military dictator and forced a junta promising sweeping reform. There was champagne at the U.S. Embassy that night. But hopes for a smoother future were short-lived.

El Salvador's present government is that "reform" junta, more or less. Founding members such as Majano have fled, to be replaced by equally expendable reformers such as two former mayors of San Salvador, Duarte and Morales Ehrlich. By pushing for pro-American army officers in the junta, the U.S. takes much of the blame for the government's instability. It has also soured the same hard-reform schemes on the junta with which it once tried—and failed—to win the loyalty of South Vietnam's peasants. As with other U.S. policies, land reform has only exacerbated violence. And even on estates where there has been no violence, such as Panatzeno, a lush dairy and coffee farm west of San Salvador, land reform benefits are questioned by the 1,700 new landowners. Simón Meléndez, co-op president, worries that low world coffee prices mean the co-op won't be able to repay its government loan this year without borrowing from the bank. Scuttling at the waiting, shimmering fields from under the brow of his neighbors, he mutters, "There's no material improvement in our lives so far—just more responsibility."

The left, too, fears blame for destroying the junta's faithlessness of reform. After the 1979 coup, guerrillas sabotaged the government's land reform by burning crops and killing "reformed" campesinos. Kidnappers redu-



Army on patrol in San Salvador

bled and bomb attacks still occur, reliably, such evening in the capital. Last November, six leaders of the broad opposition coalition, the Frente Democrático Revolucionario (FDR) held a press conference in San Salvador. Suddenly armed men entered the conference and abducted the six. Three tortured bodies were found hours later. With no other options, even moderate in the FDR called for a general strike to coincide with last January's "final offensive."

Both strike and offensive appear to have failed. The Raulist Regime administration has eagerly promised to check proof that the Salvadoran people do not back the FDR. In point of fact, however, the strike was successful enough under the circumstances. More than 16 per cent of the labor force walked out despite death threats and the imprisonment of their leaders. The guerrilla offensive, while not "final," did mark the first time the various factions of the left co-operated in combat. Government forces would have been exhausted by February, a defeat refused to a British reporter, if not for American aid.

The U.S. has always interfered in its Central America "backyard." Currently, the U.S. pursues a policy of economic strangulation against Marxist regimes in Nicaragua and Cuba, while offering massive doses of military aid—the Pentagon has requested more than \$300 million all told—for the "freedom" governments in El Salvador, Honduras and anti-Communist Guatemala (whose reputation for government-backed torture rivals that of El Salvador).

The buildup has only destabilized the region further. Guadalupe colonos daily along the Nicaragua-Honduras border as right-wing Somocistas make raiding forays into their former homeland under the implicit protection of the Honduran army. Nicaragua has had to respond with its own military buildup. Its army is already twice the size of



Child plays in guerrilla town; U.S. Navy helicopter takes off at San Miguel

war-torn El Salvador's, and growing. Unverified U.S. intelligence reports speak of the recent arrival of Soviet tanks in the Nicaraguan capital of Managua late last month, this reporter met El Salvadorian pilots who in contact with the Soviet Embassy identified as air force trainers. America's cry of Russian Wolf is finally starting to come true.

In El Salvador, the U.S. is bogged down in an unwinable civil war. Fifty-six U.S. advisers are training the army to use \$25 million worth of new equipment. As long as the U.S. remains El Salvador's principal source of arms, it prevents the country's real rulers, the military, to keep up the hypocrisy of leftist appearances. But despite its military commitment, U.S. leverage is

waning. Late in May two junta strongmen, Col. Jaime Abdul Gutiérrez and National Guard Commander Elguero Vides Cassanova went to South America seeking more arms with fewer human rights conditions.

The net effect of this war is that more than one Salvadoran in 15 is now a refugee. They huddle in crowded camps, which are periodically raided by the army searching for suspected subversives. The country's once proud econ-

omy parades about Central America is made. Since the 1960s when he joined the FDR, Castillo has been an anti-Tankie maverick—but he was also a peer in the academic establishment. His transformation to diplomat-revolutionary sharply accelerated as a result of the 1967 presidential campaign. On election day, 36 of his most ardent supporters were in prison. In 1970, the military forced Castillo into exile and began a continuous program of harassment, bookshelves attacked and shot at in the increasingly politicized university he once headed. The national university was finally closed down by the army in 1980 and has been stripped bare. As far as elections are concerned, Castillo will never participate in them again. According to his niece, a liberated El Salvador should follow the lead of revolutionary Nicaragua and postpone them indefinitely, pending a "national education program of the populace—not a matter of a few months, but years."

Talking to Castillo is an anticlimax, at times a shouting one, to tell the Reagan administration's line that the Soviet and Cubans are backing the revolution in El Salvador—"If we had the equipment Washington says we do, we'd



Santa Tecla: no right-wing prisoners appear to be in custody



weaken. Late in May two junta strongmen, Col. Jaime Abdul Gutiérrez and National Guard Commander Elguero Vides Cassanova went to South America seeking more arms with fewer human rights conditions. The net effect of this war is that more than one Salvadoran in 15 is now a refugee. They huddle in crowded camps, which are periodically raided by the army searching for suspected subversives. The country's once proud econ-

omy—Central America's most industrialized—is in a shambles, the region's most productive work force cannot find work. In a square near the cathedral of San Salvador, a hundred unemployed men cluster around reporters to air their grief. "We want work—we are peasants" (the national nickname meaning "best of herds"). An out-of-work tea salesman pleads, "Tell Reagan

we need rice and beans, not bullets!" Assuming that the liquidation of men like these will ultimately go to whatever political system offers them food and work, the Reagan administration has just committed a whopping El Salvadorian aid for the entire Central American region. But in as atmosphere of increasing violence and uncertainty that may be money down the drain. There is no better symbol of American policy failure to bridge El Salvador's divisions than its own embassy in downtown San Salvador. The building has sustained severe rocket and machine-gun attacks so far this year—by both the left and the right. Marooned patrol the exterior in front of a new, three-story high wall of brick concrete, sandbags obscure the shattered windows of upper floors. Inside, one sees bullet-riddled furniture, search marks, coffins blown away. Yet deep within the bunker, policy-makers persist in denouncing of civilians, the legal prosecution of transients, economic mismanagement.

Castillo's recipe for his own unhappily country—poor civil liberties—includes more "aggressive" agrarian reforms. "Giving the campesino private property won't solve their problems since they won't touch land," he says. "Land will have to be held communally, under strict planning."

Castillo speaks without visible emotion. The only times the stern facade cracks is when he is asked what rule he would like to see Canada play. He would welcome a US 48 747 filled with 18 tonnes of guns, he grins. More likely, though not much more, is his hope that Canada will influence the U.S. government against further military involvement in the civil war in El Salvador. The French cannot separate a political issue with the current government there, he says, so it must force a peace initiative. "People ask me about the final end offensive. All I can say is, it will come."



Castillo being interviewed in Managua

have been already"—and to suffer, more than North American images of the end-government struggle. This last, harsh man in either a Soviet puppet or an intendant victim. He is a positive, indigenous, Central American leftist.

The links between Central American leftist movements are well documented. Salvadorean, Guatemalan and Honduran guerrillas have often operated on Salvadoran soil and share news and refuge in the wild mountain border regions of their countries. Castillo explains, "We all share a common enemy: the interests

we need rice and beans, not bullets!"

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While they dream, nightmares come true for the Salvadoran people. For María Hernández Soriano, waiting in fear at La Herradura refugee camp for the arrival of another army raiding party, for the wealthy young Salvadoran, studying oriental mysticism at his beach house "to prepare for my own death," for Dr. José Antonio Marín Riquelme, the junta member responsible for land reform, government and followed by his guerrilla's son. As families are divided, as people throughout Central America put up guns and take sides, El Salvador teeters under a weakening volcano.

Mitterrand on the march

France's new president appears poised to complete his electoral sweep

By Marcel McDonnell

As the presidential helicopter roared sent up their momentary jolt, lifting François Mitterrand high above the litter of jet hardware strewn over Le Bourget airfield, one way left on the ground remarked that his airborne entry to open the 30th biennial flight fair far known as the Paris Air Show seemed especially apt. In the weeks since he mounted the steps of the Pantheon to Brezhnev's Ode to Joy, France's first Socialist president in 45 years has set a lofty renaissance tone, having himself show the world of realpolitik with a series of symbolic rural gestures and philosophical ruminations.

Not that Mitterrand doesn't have every reason to be buoyant. As the briefest campaign for legislative elections in the Fifth Republic's history



Mitterrand (right) confers with Marcel Maréchal on the confalls of electoral apoplexy.

culminated from a week-long battle with Communist leader Georges Marchais to shake hands over a tepid electoral pact. It was a headbuckle that is of interest to the White House where the possibility of Communist ministers in a Western cabinet is regarded as only slightly less desirable than an episode of the barbaric plague. Encouraged by the polls—which give the Communists a poor 14 to 17 per cent, hardly better than their humiliating 15-per-cent showing in the presidential elections—the Socialists have for now shelved any promise of rewarding Communist electoral support with portfolios, in part by stipulating nearly impossible conditions. Among them: asking the Western European Communist party that is closest to the Kremlin, to denounce Moscow's invasion of Afghanistan and any possible Soviet intervention in Poland.

In the meantime, Mitterrand is charting a course with his first cabinet, under the prime ministry of the fatherly mayor of Lille, Pierre Mauroy, which is middle-of-the-road. It is a dividual signal that is specifically designed to reassure those central voters who have nowhere to deposit their affections save Valéry Giscard d'Estaing has vacated. The new president has also kept his election promises, exceeding the centrist Breznev revision project at Ploegff and calling off the cockcrows on France's immigrant population. Hiking the minimum wage by 10 per cent, and family allowances, old age pensions and rent subsidies for the

poor by as much as 25 per cent, hasn't hurt either.

Nor was Mitterrand's inaugural promise that he had come "not to vanquish but to convince" confined only to home grounds. Welcoming German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt as his first foreign guest, he promptly came out with a ringing denunciation of Soviet missile buildup in Western Europe and an endorsement for the presence of American Pershing and cruise missiles on West German territory.

But it was Giscard, the former European Community commissioner, whom Mitterrand chose to set the tone of his presidency. Unlike Giscard, who marked the opening days of his reign with a flamboyant flogging change of style from the Gaullist regime, the new president has made changes of substance, attempting to stake out a kind of moral leadership on the world stage in the wake of Giscard's brand of international opportunism.

"Let us speak of who we are, for the nation, of what we are fighting for," declared Giscard in a *Le Monde* interview. Moving rhetoric, but Mitterrand's empathy for North-South problems may eventually end all his new-found solidarity with the United States over the confrontation between East and West.

That empathy could prove particularly welcome for Reagan in Latin America, where Mitterrand's wife,

Danielle, has already reaffirmed her support for Salvadoran insurgents and in Africa where Giscard two weeks ago supported a trade embargo against South Africa. It is no secret that shivers of horror went through the White House when Mitterrand named a former companion of arms of Ché Guevara, writer Régis Debray, as an Elysée foreign policy adviser.

Laddered, the main question is how long Mitterrand's laity idealism can defy the forces of political gravity. Some critics, even within the Socialist Party, were already questioning where the money for his new social missions would come from. Others pointed out that it was one thing to cancel the Ploegff project, but wondered where that left France in energy dependency, especially since Mitterrand had abandoned much of the Arab world with his pro-Israel stance. Businessmen fretted that Third World solidarity might cause France to lose \$1 billion worth of electronic and machinery sales annually to South Africa. Mitterrand's declaration about decreasing arms served an industry that contributes nearly \$7 billion a year to France's balance of payments.

In fact, it was the president's visit to the Paris Air Show that summed up many of his new regime's contradictions. Despite the fact that France's Mirage fighter is considered one of the world's first planes, Mitterrand refused to view any military planes among the French exhibit, except one Mirage-2000. On the night before his visit, orders came from the Elysée to take off its guns.

A 'new idol' to be shattered

It was, by any measure, an impressive turnout—two million Iranians wearing through the streets of Tehran to attend a rally organized by the fundamentalist clerics who dominate the nation's Muslim parliament. Occasionally, their voices rose in rebellion, the 18th anniversary of the bloody revolt against Shah Reza Pahlavi that led to 15 years' exile for the Ayatollah Khomeini. But there was no mistaking that the target of their angry chants, "Destroy the new idol," was President Abolmoussa Bani-Sadr.

For Bani-Sadr, it was not the day of the rally that was disturbing—he still maintains over-optimistically that 90 per cent of the population supports him—but the fact that it crapped a series of ideas to his authority. Most significant, a three-day anti-state ceremony set up by Khomeini ruled last week that the president had broken the apostle's law on speeches harmful to the



Bani-Sadr (left) and Sadat at the summit, isolated in the Middle East.

The Sinai

Meeting with a message for voters

"Elections?" asked Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, which a smile at the end of last week's desert summit, with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. "This didn't even occur to either of us." Not surprisingly, the assembled reporters roared a chorus of disbelief. If any of them had doubted that last Thursday's title-line in the *Times* the first between the two leaders in 17 months, was little more

than a stunt by Begin to gain votes in the June 30 general election, the management of the media by Begin's aides had convinced them otherwise. Every facility, every consideration, was offered and although Israeli TV was barred from screening the campaigning premier in person, after a 1986 election law, Begin's Likud party swept all the political benefits it could, denoting the whole of its TV campaign commercial to the man and the summit. The message the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty was alive and kicking.

The two leaders talked for 50 minutes in Ophira, the Israeli town at Sharm El-Sheikh on the southern tip of the Sinai. From what they disclosed afterwards, there was no urgent need for the sum-

mittee by publicly insisting Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Rajhi had visited the constitution by refusing to sign legislation passed by the Muslim Shura Council, with Egyptian soldiers was taken. Compounding Bani-Sadr's troubles were the arrests of two of his aides—one a legal adviser charged with extorting money from prosecutors' families, the other a foreign minister official charged with espionage—after a ruling by the Shura that gave Rajhi the right to appoint the gov-

ernor of the Central Bank. Even Khomeini, who had remained neutral in the feud, recently delivered a jab at Bani-Sadr and his aides, telling Western-aligned critics of the government to go back to Europe or the U.S.

Not least, because of the nine-month-old war with Iraq, Bani-Sadr, who commands Iranian troops, continues to enjoy substantial popular support. But in the struggle for the favor of power, he is increasingly opposed to the Islamic end.

—JAMES FLEMING

Bani-Sadr (left) and Rajhi: the power struggle comes to a head



ing. Negotiations for Palestinian autonomy in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip were marking time and Sadat had said often that everything must wait until after the Israeli elections. Israeli commentators suspected that Sadat changed his mind because of Egypt's astonishing recovery in the opinion polls—that week he had emerged as the narrow favorite over Labor leader Shimon Peres. Sadat decided to help Egypt's home, it was thought, trusting in the prime minister's gratitude in the next round of serious haggling.

However, the two leaders did not consent to discuss Israel's evacuation from the Sinai and the multinational force—possibly including Canadians—that the U.S. is withdrawing under the terms of the Camp David agreement to supervise the area when the process is complete in April, 1982. But the most pressing issue on the agenda was clearly the continuing confrontation between Tel Aviv and Damascus over the Syrian state 4 months in Lebanon's Beqaa Valley (see *Magnum*, May 25). To the displeasure of other Arab states, Sadat agreed with Begin that Syria had caused the crisis, and demanded that Syrian President Hafez Assad withdraw the munitions and the more than 82,000 Syrian troops, in Lebanon since 1976. For his part, Begin agreed to give the U.S. mediator, Philip Habib, who returned to resume his efforts on the weekend, "single time without deadlines." But he rejected Sadat's request to cease raids into Lebanon.

While the Sinai summit was thought to have little impact on the Israel-Syria stand-off—apart from highlighting the degree to which Sadat and Begin are isolated in the Middle East—there were hopes that the week-end three weeks of shuttle diplomacy last month had greatly reduced tensions, might be successful this time with Sadat help. The view in Washington last week was that Saudi Arabia, using its influence from the Gulf, might get Syria, could work out a formula whereby the IAW minister would be removed as part of a general deescalation of Syrian troops in Lebanon. If so, Assad had insisted the Israelis are necessary to defend these troops.

Whether Saudi Arabia has enough leverage, however, will be shown in Habib's second round of shuttle diplomacy. If not, Begin has made clear that his patience is not limitless. The missiles, he insisted in an interview last week, must go. Israel, he believed, could not afford to wait for two more. Perhaps so, but in that event Egypt would have much more than an electoral battle on his hands.

—KAC SILVER

PHIL HABIB from Am Matar in Beirut

U.S.A.

Overcome by the aroma of power

Reagan wooes key Democrats to his tax cut campaign



Reagan announces tax cut deal (from left to right) by Sen. Orrin Hatch, Sen. Robert Dole, Vice-President George Bush and Treasury Secretary Donald Regan

By Michael Posner

A certain breed of predator and, it is said, is blessed by nature with a remarkable gift. Following special advice, these ads create confusion within the minds of other species. Ultimately, the predators make the confused their dinner. Something resembling this phenomenon is now taking place in Washington, and it is a spectacle to behold. A powerful, hypocritical aroma is being given off by the Reagan White House, enveloping the shrinking Democratic enclaves on Capitol Hill. Distracted and disoriented, these Democratic ants can be observed in bustling progress on Pennsylvania Avenue. One by one they go, following the scented trail to the Oval Office, where the chief executive sits—avoiding his own distinctive charm—premeditates his new servants to excrete his will in a unanimous effort. By the time these Democrats return to their bedside habitats, they will undergo complete transformation and become outspoken defenders of the president's cause.

In the days ahead, voters to Washington will be able to view this impressive process for themselves, simply by dropping into the House of Representa-

tives. The House will shortly be debating tax-cutting proposals, both those sponsored by the president and by the House wings and Senate committee, chaired by Congress Democrat Dan Rostenkowski. Numerically, at least, Democrats control the House, but a substantial number have already been lured into the presidential lion's garden and overcome, and when they speak now they sound like good, loyal, supply-side Republicans. In return for their loyalty, Ronald Reagan has promised that he just wouldn't feel right negotiating against them in the 1982 congressional elections. Not would he need to. As one wag put it: "With enemies like these, who needs friends?"

As is the recent budget debate, the administration's converts are principally bill-weenies—Democrats from southern or western states with emphatically conservative views. These are politicians for whom a balanced federal budget is a kind of Holy Grail of economic management, and any measure that contributes to the quest is almost certain to win their favor. What they like most about the current Reagan tax plan is that it would deprive the treasury of less revenue than did his original proposals. The bill weathens—47 in all, mostly assembled into a coalition



Rostenkowski, another round of deflection

known as the Conservative Democratic Forum—are not, however, unanimous. Retiring the president's wife, some have expressed preference for the bare bones of the Rostenkowski proposal, which would consist the nation in a two-year tax cut (five per cent this year, 10 per cent the next), the White House wants another 10-per-cent cut in the third year, arguing that individual and corporate taxpayers will be better able to set targets, budgets, incentives, if they know exactly what the rate of taxation will be. Underlying the Reagan plan is the easy assumption that tax cuts will trigger a wave of capital spending by business and savings by individuals, which will at once curb inflation and renew America's industrial strength. True Believers believe firmly in the salutary effects of simple optimism.

Rostenkowski and his wayward disciples are more skeptical. There is no guarantee American taxpayers will not immediately spend the money otherwise destined for the Internal Revenue Service. If they do, the only thing the president's tax cut will trigger is another round of double-digit inflation, likely to be surpassed by the extra 10 per cent cut in 1983. The course of an economy being difficult to predict, it is odd, in Rostenkowski's view, to hedge the bet.

The president has sweetened his basic tax-cutting deal with an array of tempting discounts, including measures to encourage personal savings, reduce incentives in the tax code and spend investment writeoffs. The Rostenkowski bill will ultimately contain these changes, and then time—more directly aimed at helping lower- and middle-

income Americans. But the tax cut will be new shaggy dog in the end as much political as it is economic. In a sense, the Democrats have not yet recovered from the Reagan landslide of last November, have not yet adapted to the new environment. They have lost not only their majority in the Senate, but (at least in the early encounter) de facto control of the House. They have come up against a popular, savvy and so far lucky president. And they are critically divided, the old liberal wing of the party at odds with the neoconservative, and nobody willing or able to take charge. They have lost one major conflict—the budget—and they now seem elevated to suffer a second defeat. They find their impetuous leadership, as well as its embarrassing, but they do not appear to have the first clue as to what they might do about it.

Last week, after he had announced his tax package, the president was asked if he had enough votes to win passage in the House. "If we don't have them, we'll get them," he said. A statement of bullish strategy, of course, but a statement also of political faith.

True confessions

When 30-year-old violinist Helen Hagen left the orchestra pit during a performance of the Berlin Ballet in New York's Metropolitan Opera House last summer, she told colleagues that she wanted to have a private chat with star dancer Valery Panov. Hagen, a native of Aldersgrove, B.C., hoped Panov could help her husband, Jan Minkins, an aspiring sculptor. Hagen never reached Panov's dressing room. Nor did she return to her place in the orchestra after the intermission. The following day police discovered the violinist's body resting on a ledge halfway down a six-story ventilation shaft.

Last week George Crimm, a 29-year-old stagehand, was convicted of her murder. Under police interrogation, Crimm had admitted that he met Hagen on an elevator and made a remark that led her to slip his face. He was charged on trapping the violinist in a stairwell, attempting to rape her and finally forcing her to the Opera House roof where he strangled and beheaded her. "As I was walking away I heard her bouncing up and down," Crimm said. "That's what it happened. I heard her bouncing and her of Hagen died from skull fractures suffered in the six-story fall."

Despite such wealth of gory detail, Crimm's lawyer, Lawrence Hochstein, labelled his statement a "phony confession." Hochstein argued that Crimm, a high-school dropout de-

scribed as somewhat retarded, had been manipulated into endorsing by tough police interrogations. Indeed, a videotape of his confession shows during the trial consisted primarily of police reading back Crimm's statements to him while the stagehand indistinctly confirmed he had made them.

However, prosecutor Roger Hagen co-



Hagen (top) and Crimm: "As I was walking away I heard her bouncing"

testified that during psychiatric testing arranged by his own lawyers, Crimm had used some of the very same language he had employed in confessing to the police. In addition, Hagen pointed to a strong array of circumstantial evidence: Crimm's palm print found on the Opera House roof, the admission of a fellow stagehand that the suspect had asked him to provide an alibi for the night of the murder and the fact that the lost finding Hagen's body was a slave belt—a lost commonly used by Metropolitan stagehands. Crimm, who will be sentenced next month faces a fellow stagehand that the suspect had asked him to provide an alibi for the night of the murder and the fact that the lost finding Hagen's body was a slave belt—a lost commonly used by Metropolitan stagehands. Crimm, who will be sentenced next month faces a fellow stagehand that the suspect had asked him to provide an alibi for the night of the murder and the fact that the lost finding Hagen's body was a slave belt—a lost commonly used by Metropolitan stagehands.

For Jan Minkins, the knowledge that his wife's killer had been convicted brought little satisfaction. "Everything is over," said the bereaved Minkins. "I haven't had a conversation since and I don't have any news."

—RITA CHRISTOPHER

Another battle for Munro

By Ian Anderson

With a face like Edward G. Robinson and friends like Frank Sinatra's, John Munro has always seemed improbable cabinet material. But the 29-year veteran MP from Hamilton East has maintained the test, even the affection, of his political master, as indication of Pierre Trudeau's unflinching loyalty to the loyal, no matter how strong their penchant for straying into political cow paths.

Last week yet another loud off-their-hats on the minister of Indian and northern affairs, and again it was Trudeau who administered the public cleansing in the House of Commons. With more force than firestorm, Trudeau dismissed as garbage a story in the *Sunny Toronto Star* implying Munro had his cabinet position to profit as the stock market from Petro-Canada's take-over of Petrofina Canada. Then Trudeau called the *Star* itself garbage. The last back seemed delivered more out of personal spite with the paper's men-of-the-paper assaults on all things Liberal, and anything inde-

ing Trudeau in particular, thus for its treatment of his veteran Hamilton minister.

Under the double hyphen of Donald Ramsey and Bob Repay, the *Star* alleged on Tuesday that Munro served as a director of Moly Investments, which the paper said purchased \$200 Petrofina shares at \$67 each last September

and sold them at \$120 when Petro-Canada revealed its cabinet-approved take-over bid in January. The paper further alleged that two other cabinet ministers and a Liberal senator also profited handsomely from the deal, but didn't name them open advice from its lawyers. The *Star*'s story began to explode after Munro claimed to have never even heard of Moly Investments, and little search revealed no such company registered in Ontario. *Star* reporter Ramsey stepped back a pace by Thursday and described Moly as a "subsidiary" company that appeared in a stockbroker's buy-sell order.

For any cabinet minister to serve as director of any company would be in blatant violation of Trudeau's conflict-of-interest guidelines, and Munro has proven deft at avoiding the sort of direct involvement in just Hamilton scandals that seemed capable of rocking him down.

Ramsey suggested last week the *Star*'s investigation had "only scratched the surface" of the story when the paper ranked it into print, apparently before tidying up all the loose ends. But *Star* editor



Munro in Winnipeg last week (top). Repay, Trudeau, Ramsey: the prime minister remains loyal to the loyal



Peter Warrington, a longtime Trudeau antagonist, was sticking by the story as the weekend, and the matter seemed destined for the courts. The normally staid Munro appeared uncharacteristically elated by the prospect of a third suit and hired Hamilton lawyer John Bewley—longtime friend and also head of the Ontario Law Society—to find out "how the *Star* could link me to a company I didn't even know existed." Bewley hinted at a heavy lawsuit should the *Star* refuse to retract its allegations. "One position in that substantial damages have been caused," Munro's former law partner, Jack Polch, also demanded the *Star* apologize for its reference to him as a director of Moly Investments. Polch's name has been linked to Munro's through various buy-sell deals over the years. But Polch claimed he was in no way linked to Moly and had never invested in Petrofina stock, either directly or indirectly. The story is so totally inaccurate it's weird," he said.

The *Star* may be counting on help from the Ontario Securities Commission's (OSC) investigation into insider trading of Petrofina stock. Petrofina Canada's former chairman, Pierre Nadeau, has himself admitted to leading "sleazy" profits of \$300,000 by exercising stock options in his company just a month before the take-over, and well after Petro-Canada made its first approach. It will take at least another month to finish the complicated chore of tracing thousands of stock transfers through a labyrinth of shell companies and nominee accounts—a task that may prove impossible, since the OSC hasn't the ability to track out overseas investors from behind smoke screens of shell companies registered outside Canada. The concurrent delinquent investigation faces the same problem.

For Trudeau, the *Star*'s allegation seemed little more than a small cloud in a week otherwise composed with making peace in Winnipeg and Fredericton for reform of Parliament so that it better reflects the national will. At the same time his government has been altering Petro-Canada so that it best reflects the will of the Liberal party. Petro-Canada has had its board swollen this spring with appointments of defunct Liberal candidates, party organizers and fund raisers. One new director, Jerry Grafstein, is noted more for his cunning with Liberal election advertising than for any expertise in the oil business. With hundreds of millions to spend yearly on goods and services, the national oil company now often the governing party a pack barrel of such insufficient proportions to render inconsequential a few dollars made speculating on the stock market. ☐

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Saskatchewan

Wheels to grease the wheels

The Blakeney bus rolled into the Saskatchewan outback last week, kicking up lots of dirt and prairie dust and even more speculation that it might be a dry run for a Saskatchewan election within the next year. From a visit to Plains Poetry in Weyburn, where Premier Allan Blakeney watched up-side-down chickens bare their necks off on an assembly line, to a quiet interlude over tea with the main and brother-in-law at St. Peter's Academy in Yorkton, the annual tour spun along without a hitch or, better put for Blakeney, a hank. There had been talk that into citizens in Kamusik planned to berate the road because of the government's failure to call a judicial inquiry into what they believe are shoddy land dealings by the local council, so the tin-day safari stopped through town without stepping, though Blakeney stood at the front window and waved.

Travelling with his wife, Anne, and 10-year-old daughter, Margaret, in a bus chartered from the provincially owned Saskatchewan Transportation Co. and fitted with green and gold FINE ARTS SASKATOON banners, Blakeney stark is a nine-year tradition of attempting to become a prairie populist for at least one week a year. The only adjustment in this year's 800-km 30-community itinerary was that it came a month earlier than usual, allowing the

premier opportunity to speak to high-school students along the route. And the pitch was the same at every pit stop, as Blakeney courted the youth with the promise of jobs, when in the past many young people spent the fertile job market in Alberta with the ink scarcely dry on their diplomas. While the provision of work might have been welcome, the biggest cheer from students at the Yorkton Comprehensive High School as the tour was drawing to a close came when Blakeney promised not to raise the legal drinking age of 19 years.

The custom of heading a bus and serving in on one section of the province each summer started when Blakeney was campaigning to be premier in 1971. "The idea of the Blakeney bus was probably more a result of common sense than anything else," theorizes Blakeney's principal secretary, Bill Knight. "The party didn't have the money to fly in that campaign and, besides, the former government's image was one of being high-rolling and insensitive. The idea of travelling by bus is crucial to Allan Blakeney's own lifestyle. It is an extension of that and he is relaxed doing it this way." Although he is comfortable around a constitutional conference table in front of television cameras, the feeling among Blakeney aides is that he is not genuinely at ease making small talk in rural Saskatchewan, which is the real heart of political success for the man. The yearly begins to the rural regions amounts to a public relations effort, with Blakeney dressed casually in corduroys and slacks, staying in touch with what someone outside critics.

Nothing was left to chance. The tour focused on the east central part of the

province referred to as "Bad Square" because of its historically staunch NDP support. Heading tour arrangements was Blakeney aide Bill Giblin, former tour co-ordinator as Bill Broadbent's federal campaign. Also referred to as an advisor was Dennis McLaughlin, another former Broadbent campaign worker, and among the entourage was Ken Clark of the province's finance department to offer expertise on government programs. But even with a fairly timed schedule that kept him travelling to a maximum of only 60 minutes in a Yorkton shopping mall, there were some unexpected incidents. At a private staff picnic in a provincial park, a group of senior citizens in a nearby restaurant behind Blakeney was close by and asked him to join them. When he did, his name was added to a draw the group was having—and Blakeney ended up winning a plastic juice canister. Whether that turned the trick, Blakeney later announced another tour this summer in the northern reaches of the province. Getting the parties at last, PC leader Grant Devine claimed in with tentative plans for a bus tour of his own in July and August. —DANIEL KIRK

Halifax

Of comparability and visibility

Merchants on Spring Garden Road, in the heart of downtown Halifax, were taking no chances. A week after the start of a walkout by the city's 500-man police force, they brought in a handful of trained Doberman preservers from Illinois to patrol their street. "We're being very careful," said Doug Johnson, president of the Spring Garden Area Merchants' Association, "as that the one businessman who drove up to a downtown in a while to see what's happening will say, 'Maybe we should go home to bed.'"

Such "visibility" seemed to do the trick. Despite unusually large numbers of people milling about the streets last weekend, as the strike moved into its second week, the days, combined with heavier complements of patrol cars manned by supervisory staff and RCMP, were enough to keep the city sedate. As one expecting a replay of the previous weekend's events—when vandals smashed plate-glass windows and looted stores on Gettysburg Street in the city's north end, turning the street into a plywood bazaar by Sunday—had little more than a businessmen's party at a nearby park to celebrate their craving for action.

Imported Doberman in Halifax: 'visibility'

The walkout by the Halifax Police Patrolmen's Association at 7:30 on a Friday night took the city by surprise, even though talks had been scheduled for more than a month. The issue is money. The union wants \$35,000 in 1981 for a first-class constable (a man with more than three years' experience, who now makes \$28,000), and \$27,000 in 1982. The city has held firm to its offer of \$25,500 and \$24,500. Says Halifax Mayor Ben Walton: "The cost of meeting the union's demands would be higher than the cost of replacing every window broke in Halifax from now to eternity."

Noting that "we are not Calgary or Edmonton," Walton says the city cannot afford to pay comparable salaries, even though union demands are significantly less than the \$36,000 to \$27,000 first-class constables in every major city from Victoria to Montreal will make in 1981.

Wages in the Maritimes have been historically lower than the national average for many occupations, while the cost of living is generally higher. But it's only within the past few years that policemen in the region have made as effort to catch up, and it's particularly grating that even on their own deserting other forces are still far ahead. A first-class RCMP constable in Halifax—with the federal government footing the bill—will make \$27,400 in 1981. Joe Ross, executive director of the Police

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Blakeney and adviser, a grassroots tour deep into the Red Square



Association of Nova Scotia, believes that each wage differences are forcing decisions in the ranks of municipal forces and sending men down the road to Toronto and Calgary. Wallace, however, argues that's not an issue. "They come back. They don't like it there."

Meanwhile, concerned that the strike was harming tourist potential, 63-year-old Wallace called a press conference to spread the media for focusing on the violence rather than the city's finer points. He compared strike coverage to coverage of Iran, "where the impression given was of a country with wall-to-wall people all with their fists raised. Down the street they were selling oranges, but we didn't get to see that. Well, I just want to say that they're selling oranges in Halifax."

—BRIAN CASHMAN

Alberta

Indian harvest white man style

Beneath Starlight lies across the open car door and surveys the surrounding countryside. The residents the time 12 years ago when, along with his new bride, he engaged in the land, cutting and stripping spruce trees for sale to ranchers building corals, banking the trees out of the bush behind an old middle house. Today the land is called Redwood Meadows, a luxurious residential development, and a

Starlight, 34, is general manager of Sarcee Developments Ltd., the company that has transformed this property in the northwest corner of the Sarcee Indian Reserve 55 km west of Calgary. Bounded between the Elbow River and Highway 28, on a seven-hundred-acre stretch of land, there are 144 houses with another 45 under construction.

One day Redwood Meadows will have more than 1,000 homes, on unusual terms. Purchasers design and build their own houses on land they will never own—inland, lots are leased from the Sarcee Band. At the Sarcee's insistence, moreover, the houses are built according to stringent development guidelines to ensure that as much of the isolated foothills setting is retained as possible. No house can be higher than six metres. The exterior must be done in stone or earth tones. There are no concrete sidewalks along the paved boulevards, just natural grass and flowers. An ethnic development—but the tranquil setting has provoked a thicket of legal questions over the use of Indian land.

Normally, Indian lands are a federal responsibility—but does a housing development for non-Indian residents on Indian land not fall under provincial jurisdiction, as it would for other subdivisions? This question has been before the Alberta Court of Appeal for more than three months with a judgment still awaited. Meanwhile, representatives of the provincial government and the Sarcee band met in Edmonton June 15, hoping to reach a preliminary agreement that will resolve Redwood

Meadows from legislative hassle.

The Sarcee's gift to its nation began indirectly enough in the early 1930s as a natural extension of an already-existing hand-run golf course, one of the best in the area. Development money would be needed, and since the Indian Act does not permit the band to use its land as less collateral a strategy was devised. The Sarcee agreed to the 1,100-acre parcel to the federal government, which in turn leased it back to them for 75 years, when full ownership will revert to the band. Using the lease to collateralize, the Sarcee were able to borrow \$2 million from the Bank of Nova Scotia, hire contractors and service the land. Then they started leasing the lots, originally charging around \$30,000 (now \$50,000), which is about 90 per cent of what is paid for comparable land in land. Each individual homeowner's lease runs to 2043, the end of the original 75-year period, with premium for extension. Simple enough—until the project became mired in a tangle of intergovernmental legal hassles. At one point a provincial minister publicly warned would be residents that their legal status and rights remained uncertain, and mortgage lenders reacted by refusing to advance funds to leaseholders to build their homes.

By the beginning of 1979 only 28 of the 183 lots in Phase 1 had been leased. But Sarcee in a Blackfoot word for "bold people," which Starlight says means "they never run from a fight," and the Sarcee didn't. The band continued, with growing resistance from its members, got well on the reserve, gave Sarcee Developments a loan guarantee to lease sales could continue. A controller was called in to sort out financial problems. During the past 18 months all of Phase 1 has been leased with Phase 2 slated to open soon and resale leases are hitting the market at anywhere from \$125,000 to \$250,000. Although the project is still in the red, the development expects to show a profit of \$5 million by the completion of the second phase.

Starlight is optimistic as agreement with the province is in sight, followed by a quick blessing from the federal government. Today Redwood employs 60 people and there is a shortage of Sarcee people to fill positions. In 1973 a contractor surveyed Phase 1. This time the Sarcee are doing most of the work and soon they may start building homes. So, with an annual \$500,000 payroll and the eventual dividend that will be paid to every band member out of the development's profits, the standard of living for the reserve's 120 families is rising. No longer will they have to content themselves with smoking the bush for fuel, starchy spruce roots to chop down for corral rails and mice grown at 25 cents each.

—GORDON LEGG



Sarcee Developments' Wayne and Bruce Starlight: an idyll with problems.

SPORTS

A fat man, an ugly colt, a Crown out of reach

Pleasant Colony's mortal lock came undone

By Jos Fisher

There is an old adage about the racetrack that goes, if you want a classic horse, "you breed the best to the best and hope for the best." It goes without saying that you entrust the royal offspring to the best. If we believe that purple daisies, Pleasant Colony and his trainer, John Campo, were members of this year's Triple Crown and fell just short last Saturday.

Not that both are without credentials. Pleasant Colony was sired by His Majesty, who was his father, and some of his "get" have performed respectably. But this son—a leggy, skinny, top-speed, multi-indented cut with red, dull eyes that blink redly weekends not Saturday's horses—it isn't the son one would pick to convince anyone that His Majesty was a "H" in the lap.

But the horse is the least of the problem. The establishment can deal with Pleasant Colony more easily, since he does have bloodlines—at least he has bred Campo, on the other hand, has no such lineage to suggest again endorsement. When one thinks of Triple Crown trainers, the image that comes to mind is of the courtly "Smoky Eye" Friestman (the only man to win two), or the down boys of Calumet, Ben and Juana, who rode at Kentucky bluegrass. Campo came closer to the post-room than the royal enclosure.

The 43-year-old, five-foot, seven-inch, 250-lb. trainer comes from the tough streets of New York, the son of Italian



transplants. A high school dropout the first day he could take dictation lessons from "the Four's," at the age of 17 he started as a hotel waiter, cooking larders after workdays, generally making lunch and dinner in the "sport of kings." Such great expectations were a long time coming as he knuckled around from stable to stable odd-jobbing for various trainers until, at the age of 21, he got a job milking horses for the Phipps' family trainer, Eddie Neely, who saddled the failed Backstroker and Gam Bow, who twice won five-time horse of the year Kialoa.

"He was the one," says Campo. "I learned more from Neely than all the others. He taught me how to pick class (an important word to Campo) is a horse, and how to handle a race." Essentially, Neely moved his prestige up to be his assistant. Neely also took a personal interest in the northern Campo, who is seriously aware of his "lack of background and education." Neely handicapped this insecurity and convinced Campo to enter a 14-week Dale Carnegie self-improvement course, which he bankrolled. The result was that Dale Carnegie finished a distant second.

But the two men remained close. Possibly because Campo, who has advised he still doesn't get on with his father, saw Neely as an ideal substitute. With a Derby and Preakness in his possession, Campo took a shot at his father

Pleasant Colony winning the Kentucky Derby (above). Campo, from the back streets of New York City.

In a recent interview. "The old was made 60 bucks a week as a tailor. Now he makes \$150 a day. He's a sewing machine operator." Friend could parody that one, but Campo would counter who ever listened to a Vietnamese trait?

Campo, his lessons learned, left Neely in 1968 and began to make his name as a sharp rascal trainer. A confirmed workaholic ("I don't swim, play golf, play tennis or even take vacations—horses are my life"), he set out as a public trainer to prove the smart money wrong. In 1969, raising a public stable, he finished second in the trainer's standings in New York, recognized as the toughest wheel in the States. The next year he topped the standings and for the following six years ended in the top three. During these years, two of his thoroughbreds, now noted Eclipse Awards, turbaned grandeur at the Ocala. And in 1971, with Ben French ("My best horse [is] Pleasant Colony"), he got a whiff of the big ones, finishing second in the Derby and Belmont and third in the Preakness. Close for the fat man, but no closer.

When Neely died suddenly of a heart

attack in 1973. Campo is everyone but the Phlegges—was his logical successor to train the Phleggs string that he didn't get the job had nothing to do with his knowledge of quaggaes but with his ignorance of petta hours. Campo is a winner of tapered jackets and bearded hats, and in a dark he could hold breath with Ethel Merman. On the rare occasion he does do a sort it doesn't help, since the material usually looks like the drapes in a motel. So the Phlegges chuckled here once, lodged their bet with society's Blue Book and hired respectable young Roger Laurin (son of Louis, the trainer for Penny Twenty, owner of Secretariat, 1973's Triple Crown winner) Twenty herself is not at the Cheneys of Virginia. Even Dale

Sometimes he's a little too easy for his own good. If he could relax, he'd be even greater. But this is no fake. Nobody can jack up a horse as quick as Campo. I saw him do it for years with cheap clippers. He can pump them up. God damn, I might know schooling Phleggs. Delay in the gate the week of the Wood. Man, you school two-year-olds, not three-year-old stakes horses. But Campo always looks for the edge."

Campo was low-keying it before the Belmont because of some negative press. "Head-south," "buffoon," etc. But as Zito pointed out with a laugh, "He was always like this. But he never had the big horse, so nobody paid attention."

Of course, the press doesn't like to be

the Premales (one of only three horses to win from post position 30 in Penn's own history) he has already run a mile and a half. He'll have no excuses in the Belmont. Good horses don't." In a less measured moment he declared, "If that son of a bitch don't break a leg, I'm here."

Campo claims he is not waging a vendetta against the establishment (such as the Phlegges). But according to Zito, "Johnny wanted that job the way you want a beautiful girl. Deep down, he knew he couldn't get it, but in his mind he thought he had a chance. He deserved it. Laurin and John Russell [Nicky's successors] couldn't shake his shoes."

The arena were tranquil until



Phleggs Colony's Premales: no fake

Charge couldn't give you that in 14 weeks.

This year, it would be different, though his detractors will tell you he lacked out. Thomas Mellon Evans, the industrialist and squire of Rockland Farm, employs three regional trainers. Thirty-three days before the Wood, Derby and Premales, Pleasant Colony was in the hands of his Florida trainer, P. O'Donnell Lee. The horse was an in-and-outer for Lee, and the young trainer made the mistake of running him in a Florida stakes where he had a friend. The horse fared horribly. Evans was displeased and moved the colt north to Campo. Miraculously, the horse came out well—safely well.

In June 48 at Belmont Park, Campo, who wags between legends and humanity, saw a jump in his accountants in the Wood, Derby and Premales. "Look, how much can you do in a month? The kid met me that horse in great shape. I didn't see anything special with him. Some long gallops—two-eighths. Hey, I ain't a genius."

His former assistant and new trainer is his own right, Nick Zito, disagreeing. "I won't tell you no lie. This is no fake. This guy paid him down. He's one of the best. He's an extreme competitor

lacked in their expertise, and that is what Campo did in the Wood. Once the horse was supposed to be a natural lock, and Campo predicted he would not even run second! Campo also told all who would listen to let his horse at 12 to 1. The green look it as so much closer to him. And when his horse reaped (Cure the illness was thirty), it was revealed that Campo not only made a big score at the windows, but also had a huge bet on Pleasant Colony in the Derby Winner Book at 25 to 1. After annexing the races, it was estimated he cleared \$100,000. Nobody should be that right.

And it was Campo, while other trainers were pursuing gaudy bloodlines, who advised Evans to buy some of His Majesty's. "I liked his colt, Comarant [the pacesetter against Seattle Slew in the 1977 Premales], and thought he might be a good sire." Meanwhile, the establishment is still committed to Secretariat's get, even though the great race horse, as a rule, is reaching eligibility for a Martens and Johnnie clinic.

Approaching the Belmont, Campo was trying to adapt a system of his own and had-mouth no one. Of his colt, he calmly said, "He's a good horse. A real good horse. And God, he's bred for the mile and a half. R.H.I. he was so wide in

Third at Belmont: no crown for Pleasant

Pleasant Colony approached the Belmont gate. Next to his post 11, on a vacant gate position, was a television concession. Jorge Velazquez tried to urge his horse in, but the colt refused five times. He was spoken to by that modern Marylander—the media.

After finally entering the gate, Pleasant Colony broke alertly, but was immediately reined back. At the park went a slow quarter of a mile and then a half. Campo was dead last, 11th. This was a deadly mistake by Velazquez. American riders seemed to go a mile and a half, are constantly baffled by the pace at this distance.

George Martens, the ruler as of the winning Summit, earned a better inner clock. Reaching the sixthth pace he sprinted to the lead and had three lengths in the stretch. When Velazquez finally made his run, he was chasing a fresh horse and the best he could do was to score third.

Afterward Campo with a philosophical shrug said, "That's the more of the game." Perhaps Johnny at Dale Carter's learned about that other lead, round, merry scource of royals, Shakespeare's Falstaff, who, like Campo, was destined to be denied access to the crown. ☐

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John Travolta is old hat, electrobeat is the rage



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P PEOPLE

Now that new wave is old hat, record company moguls are predicting the biggest pop music revival of them all: the return of disco! The boss that unleashed legions of white-suited John Travolta clones is set for a major relaunch in different clothes, business park and costume had fuzzy disco reds layered neck chains and Speedos pants. Leading the pack is the original disco diva, New York City fashion model turned chanteuse, Grace Jones. "I've never tried to limit myself, even from the beginning," says the Jamaican-born singer who now sports a radical crew cut. On her latest dance disc, *Nightclubbing*, Jones tackles the *Disco Bitch*—joined this track, as well as tunes by Police-man Sting. Her version of the new disco—already dubbed "electrobeat"—is all the rage in the same hot spots that launched disco six years ago. Says Jones, "I've been going to the places I started—and people tell me I'm the only one who's ever come back!"

The harmony blend with an Illinois macho-soul salesman cort Eddy Martin has manager's job with the New York Yankees two years ago. But that has obviously not dampened Martin's suit for confrontation. Just ask *cozy* Terry Cooney who snags out a cartoon lawsuit charge last week against Martin in Toronto after an argument Martin threw and locked dirt at the ump's rump. Martin has already been fined \$1,000 and suspended for seven days by American League President Lee MacPhail, but if connected as Cooney's charges he could face a \$500 fine and six months in jail. Martin has all summer to repeat since the summer won't be served until his Oakland A's play the



Martin strikes and strikes out dirt at the ump's rump

Toronto Blue Jays in Toronto again on Sept. 21. "Cooney is supposed to be answered," complains Martin. "How can an umpire who has filed charges against a manager be answered?"

"Writing doesn't come easier with age," says *Peter Seaton*, 66, as he awaits the September publication of his 27th book, *Flowers Across the Border* (MIL-MIL). At a recent party he threw for fellow members of the Writers' Union of Canada, the country's richest and most prolific wordsmith confided he had rewritten the first

three pages of his most recent volume, *The Journey of Canada: 1870-1970*, 205 times. "The whole book required an unprecedented fear of drafts," Seaton sighed. "I'm slowing down." If the three-time winner of the Governor-General's Award for nonfiction (who just won a Canadian Authors Association award for his *Jeuneuse* trouble and collected an honorary doctorate of literature from the University of Windsor) finds himself really dwelling after he finishes work on two upcoming TV shows and yet another book, he can depend upon his \$1-million investments in real estate, stocks, gold and pension funds to keep the wolf at bay in his days.



Slater: That's what they do to old operators—hang them

"I's no—wants and all," confessed former speaker of the then-minority Ontario legislature Jack Slater after his official but hardly traditional portrait was hung with those of his predecessors at Queen's Park. Though unveiled to guests and raised eyebrows, the portrait was painted by Ted Loh, Ontario artist Lynn Goodenough, 28, whom Slater picked to do the work, made the subject happy. "I'm comfortable with it," says Slater, who is sitting again as just the plain old honorable member for Lake Simcoe for the opposition New Democratic Party. "After all, that's what they do with former speakers—hang them."



My Mr. Forester? It doesn't matter whether I'm in the cabinet...

"It doesn't matter whether I'm in the cabinet or far 2,000 people," claims Massimo Forester, Canada's foremost trouble, who will show his way into his first night club engagement in Toronto last week to the tune of a traditional 1930s million dollar, *Great Guy*, and race returns. Forester's change is not unusual for the Montreal-born diva, known in his friends as "Big Mo" and famed internationally as the premier interpreter of the works of *Guilty* Minkler. Last year, Forester applied her vibrato to the role of "Shady" Mary in an Edmonton production of *South Pacific* and next summer she will hit her vocal cords to the role of *Mae* under the direction of *Wesley* Woodhouse. In between, she will sandwich her annual schedule of 180 sporting performances. "When I was 18, I performed in return at 40 and 50 to be looked for four years," laughs Forester. "I'm going to end up as the smallest of some geriatric word, but I promise it won't be old."

Lee Cel. Ron (Awful) Werry, consulting officer of the Royal Winnipeg Rifles, was ducking to avoid the risk over his rank dead last week. The art's column-in-chief, *Prince* Charles, had invited a 30-man contingent on a 30-day trip to London July 22 to be a part of the guard along the royal wedding route. Charles' invitation specifically requested one experienced officer and 30 novices. Fifty-one 23m

applied, but Werry admits he cheated on the selection by temporarily reducing the rank of four commissioned officers. A major was reduced to captain, two captains dropped to warrant officers and a lieutenant became a master corporal. The rank-pulling enraged the genuine 300s, who threatened to quit rather than be passed over. "It's my perspective to do this," said Werry. "But my phone's been ringing all day... the fact in Washington wants to know what's happening. I had to take Friday off." Obviously Werry's superior had his home number; they overruled him late Friday night. This week the selection begins all over again—from real 300s.

James Galin Wells, the 58-year-old lawyer appointed U.S. secretary of the interior by *Richard* Reagan just four months ago, may be becoming the country's most unpopular man. One of the nation's largest environmental groups, the Sierra Club, is seeking new million signatures for a petition to push to Congress this fall demanding Wells' dismissal. In the first week of its over 100,000 signatures. The reason? Wells (who has hired four bodyguards) is championing the corporate rights of all companies and other entrepreneurs to exploit America's 770 million acres of government-owned land, because he believes he has a religious duty to do so. The born-again Christian recently told a home interior committee "My responsibility is to follow the Scriptures which call upon us to occupy the land until Jesus returns." I do not know how many future presidents can count on before the Lord returns."

Doug Head, the man the tarnished Social Credit government in B.C. hired to polish up its image, has been leading free publicity to the opposition New Democratic Party since his arrival in April. First there was the matter of Head jailing himself. Last October when the *Barred* paid a Toronto firm, Harris Inc. Ltd. in which he is a partner, more than \$200,000 to report on and reporting their public relations, they also asked for someone to direct a B.C. information service. Head not only picked up \$16,500 of the take for his five weeks' work on the report but got the \$42,500-a-year job and a deputy minister's rank. Head's story is widely known, and he's boasted when Head hired a husband-and-wife team of Hollywood producers to study the government's image by evaluating each member's videotaped misdeeds. Even his own nickname, *Cool* B. Defiant, doesn't have him down. "I just want to get on with the job," he says.

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

A caisse in the shadows

The final straw for Eric Forest, president of the Fédération des Caisses d'Épargne Économiques, came late last Thursday. After four alarming days that saw tens of thousands of Quebecers, many of them elderly, queue up to withdraw more than \$72 million in deposits from branches, the master conspirator, controlled from headquarters of the \$1.6-billion asset firm in Alma, Que., "just blew on us," Forest and his fellow directors spent Friday "more or less panicking" the final toll in a week of depositor panic.

The run on the Caisse d'Épargne—basically credit unions which serve as local capital pools for small businesses—began abruptly when TVA, a private French-language TV network, screened the first of a five-part exposé May 28 on a "serious liquidity crisis" in the caisses. Thirty of the 77 caisses across the province were losing money, largely through mismanagement, the report stated. By midweek, Ottawa had moved in and opened a \$180-million line of credit with the Quebec Deposit Insurance Board.

The Caisse d'Épargne—set to be rechartered with the province's \$10-billion Caisse Populaire, which operates along more traditional credit union lines—drew most of its capital not from deposits but from the sale of membership shares. During the 1960s and 1970s, when chartered banks were paying 10 and seven-per-cent interest on term de-



Forest, Caisse d'Épargne, \$72 million in withdrawals and counting

posits, members of the Caisse d'Épargne were earning a return of 10 per cent a year on their shares. When the cost of borrowing began to soar, the Caisse d'Épargne found that their loans were no longer earning enough to pay out the 15 per cent and higher now offered by the more flexible chartered banks. So although some of the branches may actually be losing money—as TVA had alleged—Caisse d'Épargne clients simply aren't getting their money's worth.

Now that the run is believed over, operations will be restructured: six caisses branches will be closed and five others merged. Multinational-dollar lawsuits have already been threatened against TVA by several branches, and



Forest says he will add his own "No use of TVA is really a responsible company."

But there may be a darker side to the story there in talk on rue Saint-Jacques that the impetus for the run—and perhaps the "inspiration" for the television series—may have come from other parts of the Quebec credit union movement, where much of the money withdrawn from outlying Caisse d'Épargne likely ended up.

—LARRY BAKER

Toyota quota

Rather than drinking toasts, car manufacturers were left scratching their heads last week after the announcement of Canada's long-awaited auto export agreement with Japan. Was it a good deal or not? Federal Industry Minister Herb Gray said yes as he brushed an accord with Tokyo calling for Japan to reduce its

auto exports to Canada voluntarily by six per cent. Under the agreement, Japanese manufacturers will send a maximum of 134,263 vehicles to Canada between April, 1981, and March, 1982, 30,000 less than in the similar period a year earlier. Because of a surge in Japanese exports to Canada in the first few months of 1981, however, the lowered ceiling will actually allow Japan to send 30 per cent more cars to Canada in calendar year 1981 than in 1980.

What some find all the more irritating is the fact that Canada managed to wring somewhat less from the Japanese than the United States, which recently obtained a promise from Tokyo of a 7.7-per-cent rollback each year for two years. By contrast, Canada's deal only allows 12 months, with discussions on future restrictions to be held later. North American auto producers say that, unless they can increase their dividing share of the Canadian market (Japan now has about 18 per cent), they won't be able to compete the multinational-dollar overhead of their factories necessary to begin serious competition with the smaller, more fuel-efficient imports. It's a vicious circle, and it's not clear the yellowed announced last week will do the trick. More unsettling still, it may have the immediate effect of raising prices for cars overall—by as much as \$300 to \$400 per unit, judging from U.S. experience. Protectionism is discouraging enough as a last resort. Almost unbearable when it makes conditions worse.

—LEN WITTENSTON

Japanese imports off-loading in Vancouver, multination-dollar overhead



LIVING

A quest for finer cellars



Shoppers at Premier's a spot for seasoned connoisseurs, not two-bottle browsers

The big bad spirits open. The Peace Bridge Customs officer mounts the steps with the familiar question: "Do you have anything to declare?" But chances are no mount pains will betray giddy consumers at this club shop has returned to Toronto. The passengers do indeed have something to declare—imported wine, most lively the legal limit of 12 750-ml bottles each.

Wary of the rising prices and scanty selection offered by the Liquor Control Board of Ontario (LCBO), some Southern Ontarioans are shopping across the U.S. border to buy French Burgundies and Bordeaux, German Mosels, Italian Arosches and Californian Chardonnays. These dedicated connoisseurs readily shoulder duties and taxes amounting to about \$4 per 600 bottle—and spending upward for pricier selections—in the search for wines at which they consider reasonable prices. (By tripping rates set on the two duty-free bottles allowed after a 60-hour visit.) Some make the trip on bus charters organized by local wine clubs such as Toronto's Les Amis du Vin. Others descend on New Rochelle, N.Y., store in cars—some of four and five garages. And some, such as Toronto accountant Ed Dulka, make the quest a day-long outing "with the guys."

Favored wines are Rollstone's Century Liquor and Buffalo Premier Liquor and International Wine Center (where manager Ed Notaris counts an estimated 1,000 Canadians a year as regular customers). The antithesis of the costly wine cellar, these two suburban warehouses are as parishly fit as any discount department store. Set beyond the bars of exit-price you order, naive search now open row of the

wines—displays that make full-service LCBO outlets look like a temperance society museum. "Breadth of selection is one of the major reasons we have no trouble organizing buying trips of 50 to 100 people," says Steven Tremblaine, a director of Les Amis du Vin. "The many California wines stocked by both stores are a prime attraction. Explains Notaris: "The best Californian wines—Pardner or Phelan's Cabernet Sauvignon for example—aren't available in Ontario."

Burgundy can be found, although "not as cheap wines," cautions Tim Whyte, a business executive and member of the Ontario Society of Connoisseurs who views Premier's policy for Chateau Branc-Castillon (\$32.49 a bottle, \$22.59 a case) as a steal will consider their gas, travelling time and duties well spent. But bulk wine buying is a sport for seasoned tipplers, not novices. "You have to know the wine, their cellar and the price in Canada," says Whyte. That \$6.95 LCBO standard, La Cour Pinelle, is no bargain at Premier where, to the base price of \$4.75, the travelling bopper adds about two per cent duty, 13-per-cent sales tax, one-per-cent bottle excise tax and 10 cents per ounce levied by the LCBO. Warm Whyte "You pay that \$2.60 whether it is a 33 or 150 bottle."

No fan of 92 bottles, Dulka down to Century Liquor every three months, where he and his friends spend a few hours wandering the aisles with a shopping cart. At the moment, he's stocking his wine cellar with Chateau Palmer 1978. "It costs \$40 a bottle in Toronto," he says, "and I expect to get more on my next trip to Century for \$15 to \$20 a bottle. I would go anywhere for it."

—BOB NIEL

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Spitsbury, strapped to galloping cliché

THE LEGEND OF THE
LONE RANGER
Directed by William A. Fraker

Some movies refuse some company and *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* is certainly one of them. Some of it looks as if it has been shot through half a dozen packs of party hose. It is not surprising that so much emphasis has been put on cinematography because the director, William Fraker, has been one of the best cameramen (*Rosemary's Baby*, *Schultz*) in the business. He has gone all out and draped his cameramen, László Kovács, to quite literally stir up as much dust as he can. Interiors are lantern-lit and swarming with gauzy textures, the ongoes softly blurred around the edges, exterior shots recall the odour splashes of Frederic Remington's paintings of the Old West, dusty enough to set a nation sneezing. As irritating, pretentious and howlingly fancy as these camera effects can be, sometimes they are also bewitchingly beautiful. As Chief Dog George said in such poetically terse in *Little Big Man*, "Sometimes the magic works, sometimes it doesn't."

The Legend of the Lone Ranger may

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will be one of the most enjoyably anachronistic ever made: It bumps and flows with equal facility. The "Legend" goes as follows: Wild Lone Ranger saves Indian boy, then falls for his outlaw girl, goes to live with Indians, goes east and becomes a lawyer, comes back west and sees his brother (a Texas Ranger) die, is saved by his Indian friend and sets out to avenge his past. No fewer than five screenwriters had a hand in it and three live must have gotten into a nelson fight at some point, broken the bones out of one another (at least one was left, and the survivor must have polished off the



Spillbury. Horse: that old masked image

final draft with one hand, one eye and several losses of consciousness. Each time somebody opens his mouth in the movie the incredible emerges. Teels opens it as a wild white stallion and says it reminds him of the moon, Kemo Sabe says so, it's more like silver. And a silver horse is born, or at any rate christened.

Yet each time there is no dialogue. The Legend of the Lone Ranger is "happy" stuff, the action is violent and varied and pushes ahead like a hot train coasting steam. There is a wonderful non-action sequence, where the masked man tries to tame Silver, which has, like a number of other isolated sequences, a Chaplinian quality. Silver is untrainable, performing every trick in the book short of sharpshooting. But the masked man himself, played by Clayton Spillbury, is an alumnus of the Pillsbury Doughboy school of acting. Nothing as poised or righteous as Tom (Michael Lerner) has come along since the Marlon Brando. And so if that weren't enough, the major conflict—a preposterous bit of business about the kidnapping of Ulysses S. Grant in the person of James Edwards—is narrated by Merle Haggard in verse.

There is a kind of dopey, spunky glamor to all this. The effect of the movie, which busily keeps you strapped to galloping clichés, is proof of the power of pop culture. For those of us who grew up with the old TV series, a line such as "Who was that masked man?", or a silver-bullet calling card or hearing the Wilson Tull overture once again is enough to build goosebumps. Nobody in his right mind would call The Legend of the Lone Ranger a good movie, but it doesn't seem to have been made for people in their right minds. Movies in general have always been anachronic, not healing well to critical structures, evolving and making—and breaking—rules. Relentlessly enjoyable once you know where you are. The Legend of the Lone Ranger seems to abide by the old rule: go for the money—and the devil be damned if it doesn't work. The devil be damned, it sometimes does.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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Raging female hormones in the courts

Several cases boost legal recognition for premenstrual syndrome as a factor in female crime

By Charlotte Gray

In April, 1990, a normally gentle widow in her mid-40s, depressed by the anniversary of her husband's death, was arrested at an Ottawa store for shoplifting a man's necktie and shaving kit. Three days later she began menstruating—a seemingly irrelevant detail that ultimately led the Ottawa attorney to drop the charges against her.

Lynsey Scott Milloy recognized both the woman's depression and her shock at her own bizarre behavior. Before going to court, he referred her to Dr. Rhodes Dallas, a female psychiatrist at the Royal Ottawa Hospital and one of the few in his profession alerted to cases of premenstrual syndrome (PMS). Long overlooked by the medical establishment because it includes physical symptoms (from headaches to water retention) defy easy diagnosis, the condition is now estimated to cause one woman in two some emotional and physical discomfort just before her period and during its first four days.

About 30 per cent of all women, doctors are now acknowledging, suffer such intense distress that they sometimes cannot function at their jobs. In a very small percentage of women the syndrome has been known to cause violence or criminal incidents. Says Dr. Katherine Dallas, the British general practitioner who for 30 years has blazed a solitary trail in PMS research, "The most common sign is tension—by which we mean tiredness, depression and irritability that can cause unprovoked outbursts of emotional behavior."

Chalkie knew Dallas's work and detected in the defendant an association between her menstrual periods and mood fluctuations, so far back as her teens when she had been prone to premenstrual eating binges. He recommended that her gynecologist administer hormone treatment for her PMS symptoms while he himself treated her depression with psychotherapy, and he wrote a psychiatric assessment for Milloy arguing that PMS contributed to her shoplifting episode.

Neither Chalkie nor Milloy had ever heard of PMS evidence entering the Canadian courtroom. "But the medical evidence was very good," explains Milloy. "I wasn't surprised when the case was dropped, since evidence about other hormonal changes, in menopausal or postnatal patients for instance, is



Chalkie (top) alert to an overlooked syndrome, Dallas: Insuring criminals

ten results in withdrawal of charges for mental offences." Since the Ottawa case, PMS has been cited as the primary mitigating factor in sentencing in two cases in Toronto. A 30-year-old woman charged with assault was put on probation as the strength of the psychiatric assessment of PMS. And a 20-year-old caught shoplifting was given a conditional discharge when the court was assured she was now receiving hormone treatment for premenstrual syndrome.

In other countries, PMS has been accorded even greater legal credibility. In France, the syndrome is grounds for a plea of temporary insanity. In the

United States, a manslaughter case is coming up in the Michigan courts in which PMS is the main thrust of the defense argument. But it is in British law courts that the most evidence of PMS has been used in most effort. Last May a 26-year-old woman who had committed a fatal stabbing had a murder charge reduced to manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility due to PMS. She is now on probation for three years and a legal precedent has been set. Two previous British cases, involving charges of arson and assault, saw PMS accepted in pleas for mitigation of sentence. In all three cases, Dallas was the expert witness.

It was Dallas herself who first drew public attention to a connection between PMS and crime. Her writings cite several surveys with highly persuasive results. One British report shows that 49 per cent of 268 newly imprisoned women had committed their offences during the days when the syndrome peaks. Of these women, 30 per cent reportedly regular PMS symptoms. PMS recently acquired legal status was contingent on acceptance by the medical profession as a while—and that has happened only in the past 10 years. These days, according to Dr. Gary Swager, a general psychiatrist at Women's College Hospital in Toronto, PMS is accepted as a distinct phenomenon by all physicians with women patients. "I see 30 PMS sufferers right now, and it represents about 15 of them for at least one day a month. One high-powered re-

ceptive calls it her 'mido-madness.'" In Swager's patients the depression is usually directed towards their female solidarity. But he reports that "irritability leading to uncontrolled rage, irrationality and violence is also possible."

The causes of PMS are elusive—speculations include hormonal imbalance, vitamin B6 or mineral deficiencies, emotional upset, poor diet. Researchers agree that it is related to monthly fluctuations in levels of estrogen and progesterone produced by the ovaries. According to Dallas, PMS is caused by a progesterone deficiency that, among other effects, causes the body to retain fluid and become "waterlogged." This "progesterone starving" creates tension, pressure, pain and sometimes confusion which all build up toward the end of the 26-day period. Dallas therefore uses natural progesterone to treat her 2,000 PMS patients. "Only a tiny minority of my patients—about six per cent—have criminal impulses (mostly unprovoked aggression)," she says. "But in each menstrual cycle, for a few minutes or a few hours, they may lose all control and break the law."

Lynsey is still wondering about the impact of PMS in the near future. "PMS has been used sparingly," notes Vancouver lawyer Sue Dwyer, "and in conjunction with other factors." Dr.



Menopausal misery in the courts

Mark Ben-Arie, forensic psychiatrist at Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry, suggests that PMS would have more weight in court if it were listed in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders. "The most common and respected classification system in psychiatry," Nancy Harrison, a former judge on the BC Criminal and Family courts, admits. "During 18 years in court, I've never run into PMS, and in some cases it may well be greeted with hostility."

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pending Michigan hearing and the accompanying furor of publicity have alerted Canadian lawyers to the possibilities of 1980. The consensus is that it will pop up in more metropolitan places, few see it as forming the basis of a defence case as it did in Britain. There is no equivalent in Canadian law to the defence of "diminished responsibility" or "temporary insanity." Vancouver criminal lawyer Peter Bishop explains: "The grey area between responsibility and insanity has not been developed here so it has in Britain and some



Silver Drazoff: New line of treatability

American states." The accused would therefore have to plead insanity, not negate her ability to control her actions and, in effect, turned her into an automaton. And as Ottawa criminal lawyer Leonard Shore points out, "The cure could be a lot worse than the disease. If convicted she could be sent to Penitentiary Mental Health Centre for an indefinite period on a treatment-governor's order."

Many medical and legal questions regarding premenstrual syndrome remain—and so do moral questions that worry feminists. Toronto lawyer Linda Silver Drazoff warns: "Blaming men to a behavior pattern sufficient to get a woman off a criminal charge is tantamount to saying that we can't control our behavior when we're premenstrual and that's ridiculous. I suspect that PM is being taken seriously in legal systems anywhere, and hope it won't be imported into our courts." A Vancouver feminist lawyer shrugs, "If it's premenstrual, let's eat it."

Other experts contend that severe PMS affects a few women that it doesn't stereotype all women as tormented by menstrual function. And Dalhousie argues that since the proportion of women in the prison population is so tiny (in Canada one in 10 prisoners is female), "We're better off for our raging heroines than men are for their steady ones." ☐

Ana Hernandez: Age-seven, Anne is a bundle of energy, dirt-floored shak. While she starchy mother is poor, family suffers from stomach pains, only Medical care scarce.

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Ana was born seven years ago—born into a life whose only promise was pain. Her body is still that of a child, but the hardships she bears would burden a grown woman. Starvation dooms her stomach, her limbs—not for her the healthy challenges of childhood. Her small face puckers often into worry and tears—often becoming straight when life offers no joy. Playgrounds and toys have no part in her life. Even her thoughts offer no escape.

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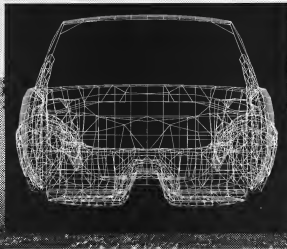
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Feel how Toyota is made for you — the concept behind every Toyota. How the seats fit. How the colours match. And how every control is easy to reach. Acceleration is solid for a smooth,

quiet ride. The touch of the wheel says you are in control. Your foot on the brake brings a swift, sure stop. That's a good, secure feeling. That's the Toyota Quality Edge.

TOYOTA

OH WHAT A FEELING!

Exchanging pickets for ads

Unions turn to advertising to get their point across

By Steve Waddell

The telephone bill says they're going to raise your rates again.
You've got the "wrong number feeling".
Pages' more fun in something I don't understand.

That better reflect, aimed directly at many telephone company appeals for "the long-distance feeling," played on radio stations across British Columbia last fall. It was the jingle of the Telecommunications Workers Union (TWU), a national union, fired by the 31,000-member organization during its recent labor dispute and among examples of the growth of advocacy advertising by increasingly sophisticated Canadian unions.

TWU's \$30,000 radio and newspaper campaign was a clever volley, however, compared with other labor ads attempting to win an unconvinced public and boost members' morale. Recently in B.C., the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) spent more than \$300,000 on a radio blitz during collective bargaining and a strike to announce, "WE ARE DOING OUR BEST FOR YOU." The Alberta Union of Provincial Employees earmarked \$100,000 to complain about inequality in the workplace. Last year television came onto the picture for the first time when three well-heeled laborers, B.C. doctors, aired up a cool \$400,000 adding their patients to HELP US HELP YOU in a campaign for higher medical fees.

Last time a decade ago, labor advertising consisted of little more than union bulletins and wilted hand-drawn placards on the picket line. Now unions, unhappy with their public profile and distrustful of the traditional news media, are attempting to bring their own corporate-style image-building ads. B.C.'s wealthy unions have been the prime movers in labor's advertising push. "Some newspaper staff has been done back out," says B.C. Federation of Labor Communications Director Tom Fawkes, "but we've exposed some creativity into it, so the product can compete with the employers' in every way." Now the use of ads is spreading, particularly through national unions such as CUPE. Dennis McGuire, public relations officer at CUPE's Ottawa office, observes, "We have found if we start advertising just before a strike it leads to shorter or avert it."



Morgan (above): Truth of a booming labor ad agency. Approach by B.C. doctors (right) and CUPE workers (below)



In early 1985, the labor ad market had expanded enough to spark the foundation of a labor ad agency, Michael Morgan and Associates in Vancouver, which now does 80 per cent of its business with unions. Morgan's client range from the 1,300-member Canadian Allied Manufacturers' Wholesale and Retail Union to CUPE's throng of 300,000. "Generally the public doesn't support strikes because of the inconvenience," says Morgan, himself a former labor organizer. "We're providing education through advertising. We're lobbying the public for their support."

That objective will be reinforced this week (June 20 and 21) when the Canadian Association of Labor Media meets in Ottawa to discuss the electronic media and its use in advertising.

Fawkes has been aware of the possibilities for years. "Advertising is necessary for two reasons," he says. "First it clarifies issues. Second and equally important, it builds morale." It's also used to deflect bad publicity as in the case of Ontario doctors. The Ontario Medical Association has recently hired an advertising firm, Vickers & Benson Ltd., to design a campaign that attacks government's under-funding of the University Health Insurance Plan and turns the public's attention away from doctors opting out of the plan.

Picket from the advertising affects, and is intended to affect, more than just the public. Dennis McGuire admits, "We want to encourage pressure on politicians." The making of some ad campaigns—during contract negotiations—suggests management is meant to have a taste as well. In Saskatchewan recently, the city was no angrier by CUPE radio



Help us Help you

ads during negotiations, which said "CUPE demands women are being paid less than other employees, just because they're women," that it threatened to sue. And the same risk and it is ad always happy with the new publicity line striking TWU worker problems at the union spending \$300,000 worth of dues. "There's more important things to do with your money when your membership is on strike."

Since Fraser University's co-ordinator for labor education, Olive Lytle, has a wait-and-see attitude about the union's success with the media. "I would expect a limited effectiveness in the short run, but there could be an influence upon public opinion in the long run." Labor's professional advisers, meanwhile, are pushing ahead. Fawkes is bullish on labor's advertising future. "There will be more of it and I'd like to see it get more into television. It looks as if women will be using more well-scrubbed women's faces peeping up between the soap commercials and pink hairpins, not just at contract negotiation time but all year round."

For the record

JOURNEYS TO GLORY

Diana Ballin
(Capitol)

Spring from the alternative nightclub scene in London, this five-disc band has been at the forefront of a fashion movement often belittled as "the new romanticism." So much has been made of the way they look that the way *Journeys to Glory* sounds could easily have been disappointing. But, dishevelled and modestly disaffected, they also make music that is irresistibly danceable. Trained by heavy percussion and synthesizers, the music, however, will not be so engaging without Tony Ballin's characterful vocals. He sings like a desperate lark and leads the mock beauty of such songs as *Mendels and To Cut a Long Story Short* an appropriate epic track.

DRASTIC MEASURES

Lou Dal Bello
(Capitol)

While there is something altogether too adolescent about Dal Bello's early mantras, she does have a raw, powerful



to assert herself, she should off her makeup artist to take a walk next time so much black-on is suggested. By nature, she has the enough cheekbones that she doesn't have to try so hard. The same goes for her voice.

DEDICATION

Gary U.S. Bonds
(Capitol)

Too much talk about his hits in the '60s and about assistance from Bruce Springsteen and Minko Steve Van Zandt makes Bonds more like a rock solo in need of charity. Nothing could be more untrue. This album, in fact, marks the triumphant return of a young, emotion-filled voice that knows no steps and has few peers. As a singer, Bonds also has the stamina not to be overwhelmed by the avalanche of songs typical of Springsteen's/Van Zandt productions. Here are three Springsteen compositions, one by Van Zandt, and covers of the Beatles' *No Only Love* and Jackson Browne's *The Pretender*. Bonds dishes out lots of heart and soul without becoming maudlin. His phrasing is so right that even songs that can't be singing as well as, such as *Shaddy's Come Home* and *Just Like a Child*, ring with truth and decency.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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BOOKS

Tale in a brutal tradition

PRISONER WITHOUT A NAME,
CELL WITHOUT A NUMBER

By Jacobo Timerman
(Random House, \$24.95)

Argentina, April, 1987. Jacobo Timerman, editor of the Buenos Aires newspaper *La Opinion*, is released from his seven-day kidnapping in standard 20th-century, issue 38 or so of civilians with guns, a blindfolded, handcuffed victim thrown on the floor of his car and taken to a secret location. Then standard issues loses his favourability: the civilians are acting under orders from an Argentine army unit. The provincial chief of police who first interrogates Timerman "revels" the kidnapping as an arrest. The president of Argentina attempts to save Timerman from his own army by having him tried by a war court. What in fact saves Timerman's life from the neo-Nazi army unit holding him is their discovery that he is a Jew: a means of obtaining details of the worldwide Jewish conspiracy. After 30 months of detention, including three months of horrible tortures, Timerman is released and deported to Israel thanks to a worldwide protest.

Why Argentina turned into the locus of the Western world is a subject for future historians. Writers such as Jorge Borges and V.S. Naipaul have speculated that Argentina, one of the richest and most equitable—in terms of distribution of wealth—of all Latin American countries, lacked motivation of its own to control the body politic. In their essays, Argentina is a country inhabited by people on, so it were, transient visits, collecting riches on the way to somewhere else. But if understanding why Argentina is enveloped in black madness is difficult, understanding what it has become is quite simple. It is, as if every bloody fringe group of post-war North America—the Synagogue Liberation Army, Black Panthers, Minutemen and the Western Guard—had each become a significant political strand before hell-bent on capturing the nation. Today a military junta rules over a country in which political parties are officially banned. Still, left-wing Peronists assassinate right-wing party members, businessmen pay protection money to Trotskyites and fascists. Virtually every political institution in the country, from the army to major political parties, has its rival factions, complete with its own death squads.

In this nightmare a handful of moderate democrats—some marginally on the right such as a few Catholic priests, and some as rigidly on the left such as publisher-editor Timerman—speak and uncompromisingly against all the factions, left-wing, right-wing, secular, religious, civilian and military. But speaking out is all they can do, moderation has no direct equivalent in this world. Timerman ended up in the underworld of electric shocks and brain rape. As astonishingly brave was, he remained a puzzle to his extreme right-wing captors. They could not understand how the same man whose newspaper published lists of left-wing guerrillas

could denounce them as fascists could the way next day publish a similar list of right-wing murderers and their victims. In the end they moved the reins through their den-den anti-Semitism. Timerman was an agent of Jewish bait on world domination who presented the evidence of left-wing terrorism merely to confuse.



Timerman's story, well-written, both horrifying and hysterical in its revelations of Argentinean anarchy, illustrates the central dilemma facing the West. It resides where in by now undeniable as possible political systems of the extreme left or right one after human beings any degree of stability, prosperity and justice. Only our Western liberal democracy, inspired by many strands of thought including the best ideals of socialism, religion, free enterprise and the heritage of

Western liberalism and conservatism, can do so. Outside this system—at present—there is nothing but darkness and the gnawing of teeth. But knowing this is no answer to the question of how a moderate society, with its inherent belief in all the ideals that make it what it is, can defend itself against a mass-strained onslaught of relentless fanaticism. Beyond courts, parliamentary debate or isolated Timerman's editorials cannot stop blood.

Timerman's book provides no answer to this dilemma. But he defies from his North American liberal contemporaries in a significant aspect. He is not afraid to put George G. Colby, *Ironhorse's* Soviet Union, Mussolini's Italy or contemporary China together in a league where they all belong—societies of murderers. The importance of the Argentine case is the fate awaiting at should we lose faith in the superiority of our Western institutions and sell as either the Western Guard to defend us from the Russians for a Democratic Society or the state to defend us from the Western Guard.

"I know there ought to be a message or a conclusion," writes Timerman. "But that would be a way of putting a concluding period on a typical story of this century, my story, and I have no relieving period. I know too that the Argentine nation will not cease to weep for its dead, because throughout its often brutal history, it has remained loyal to its tragedies. I know that it will succeed in overcoming the paradoxes of every extreme, the enclaves of every sect. And it will learn how to be happy." And so we learn here to stay happy by strengthening and reinforcing our traditional institutions and ideals of liberal democracy, rejecting all temptations of quick violent cures for society's ills. If this is Western chauvinism, so be it.

A question of cold blood

HUNG THE "BUTZ"
BEARLING STORY

By Brian Nolan
(Corgi & Orion Design, \$24.95)

Cheadle has a habit of achieving his name anywhere but on their own turf, and there are few examples as poignant as the brief ascendancy of George (Buz) Beurling, fighter ace. During the Second World War, Beurling was listed in the country's greatest aviators lists, but only after he had been refused entrance to the RCAF and was forced to prove his flying skills with the British RAF. His



Jack Daniel's Distillery's maple charcoal barrel. Photo by the author. © 1993 Jack Daniel's

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legue poets out its most serious flaw. Stripped of the conversation of its characters, this is a simple story of a young rather dainty boy, Paul, who falls in love for the first time. Carol Lerner has come to the island with her parents—her father is bent on modernizing the town's fish plant and replacing the aging fleet of independent boats with larger company vessels—and Paul sees in Carol all the romance and beauty that he craves on the mainland.

There is nothing wrong with a simple story, John Cheever once said that "a good narrative is a rudimentary structure, rather like a subway." But in the case of *Come From Away*, the actual storytelling is as low-key, and so often interrupted, that the plot is at all swamped by the elaborate, almost baroque, conversations of its main characters. There is too much made of the chance love, and not quite enough action up front. Once the initial charm of the language wears off, there is little reason to keep turning the pages.

Joseph Green is the author's just name. Whoever he is, or who he is, it seems unlikely that *Come From Away* is a first novel. In spite of its faults it possesses an obvious sophistication and confidence. Green is capable of landing on an image that is startlingly accurate. Paul, for example, becoming aware of Carol's presence, has "a feeling inside his chest as of wings spreading." In a mere few pages, Green can say more about the relationship between a father, mother and son than most authors can in an entire book. Indeed, the entire novel circles his own confidence again and again, and never quite manages to catch it.

—DAVID MACFARLANE

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *Noble House*, Cleveland (2)
- 2 *Curly Park*, Smith (2)
- 3 *The Lament*, Whelan (2)
- 4 *Confession*, Vohler (2)
- 5 *3XRD*, Davidson (1)
- 6 *A Woman Called Sylvia*, Gray (1)
- 7 *Free Fall in Canada*, Macdonald (1)
- 8 *Brave*, Reid (1)
- 9 *Protestant*, King (1)
- 10 *666*, Atwood

Non-Fiction

- 1 *Common*, Stone (1)
- 2 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Pearson (1)
- 3 *The Chinese*, Fraser (1)
- 4 *Main Province*, Whelan (1)
- 5 *Paper Money*, Smith (1)
- 6 *The Eagle's Nest*, Casselman (1)
- 7 *Parasites*, Pennington & Knight (1)
- 8 *The Northern Magpie*, Gray (1)
- 9 *The Canadian Capital*, Pelletier & Adams (1)
- 10 *Wishful and Poverty*, Gidycz (1)

(1) First-time best seller

COLUMN

A lesson in oversimplification

Our school system is reducing major moral questions to computer-chip games

By Barbara Amiel

Once when I was being interviewed on CTV's *Canada AM*, I saw the almost imperceptible eye-flicker that indicated host Norm Perry had received a time-out. Responding to it, Perry gave me a closing question: "We have about 45 seconds left, Barbara. Could you sum up the problems of the Canadian criminal justice system?" Some problems, namely, do not lend themselves to 45-second responses.

Or multiple-choice boxes. Even Cicero and Cuneo could not do justice to an issue such as this. In 45 seconds, the wonders of the scientific world can devolve to its various ways.

Science has given us a technological world of wonders. Press a button and a microwave oven sends a brislet of heat in 12 minutes. Press a few others and a telephone rings in a room 11,000 km away. Science can be utilized, through applied technology, without any understanding of its processes. But there is—a pre—not applied technology for the social and ethical questions. In order to arrive at conclusions about jurisprudence, ethics, morality or human rights, we have to understand a great deal of what lies behind the issues. No push buttons. No shortcuts. No computer chips. Here you have to drink deep of the Poran spring—or not at all. But Perry's slight stare about the dangers of a little hearing is very much with us. Not only in the electronic and print media—where it may not matter so much—but in our schools.

Taking computer-chip morality to utter absurdity, our current school systems have decided that the most complex questions can be taught through preprogrammed thought. Ethics is packaged under the modern title of "values education" (complete with charts listing the stages of moral development in students to be checked off by teachers). Jurisprudence, economics, political science and so on fall under "social studies." Ontario's ministry of education, for example, encourages this scholasticism by teach-

teachers and students had a 45-second-to-commercial cut. To open any *Canada Today*, a current Grade 10 textbook, is to plunge into the world of Orwell's *Animal Farm*. Ronald Dworkin intended no more to be just that—a parody of the absurdity of trying to reduce complex thoughts to utter simplicity, a world where the Ten Commandments—too difficult for the sheep, hens and chicks to learn by heart—were "fractured to a single paragraph." Just legs about, two legs had. "This is the world of Can-



'tis, seems to put this in doubt. But then the entire textbook is a compendium of oversimplification and reduction, fashionable myths.

In a sense it would be reassuring to think that the usefulness of *Canada Today*—and the numerous texts like it—springs only from some dark plot to twist young minds in a particular ideological bent. But while there may be a malignity of this, the major problem is the assumption that the ethical questions of moral reasoning can be played down

in six stages, or that charts can show the origins of bigotry or tolerance.

I am sure society would understand that it is far better not to try to teach jurisprudence or ethics than to simplify them into computer-chip games. It is better not to try discussing constitutional law or social morality at all than to do it on a talk show for 30 seconds with a bright young host or hostess who would's recognize an idea if it fell on them. It is an error to believe that this kind of education, whatever its political bias, does any good. The uneducated,

poor, world where simplifying complex questions reduces information to misinformation. On pages 178 and 179 students have charts of a bigot and a tolerant person respectively. A bigot, as the textbook informs students, has an unhappy family, may be poorly educated and fears things that are unfamiliar. A tolerant person is usually well-educated, has a happy home life and does not compete with other racial groups for jobs, social positions or land. Apart from the obvious middle-class bias of these charts, the confusions are simply not there. Just about all members of the human race are apprehensive of the unfamiliar; it is a part of the human condition. God alone knows how the values determined that bigots are from lower-class, uneducated, uneducated backgrounds—unless they did it from wanting Ad in the Family—because the record of such notorious bigots as the Nazis, many of the Great War of the 1930s, not to mention Hitler and the German middle class in the '30s and

instincts of a population informed by tradition and religion are probably preferable to the transformation of pop psychology and multiple-choice ethics. We can't stop talk shows, or a school media center on discussing socially relevant issues. But we can discourage the teaching and most especially the discussion of certain complex subjects on such ludicrous levels. To invite a totally unprepared student to comment on jurisprudence or ethical reasoning for an entire class is compared teacher is worse than an exercise in futility. It can only result in—at the most—enough. A frightful middle. A perfect example occurred when Ontario's minister of education, Bill Stenson, took to CBC's *The National* to discuss Ontario's commitment to social education. Said Stenson to a chastened interviewer: "Can you imagine teaching English without making value judgments?" Or history? And what about mathematics?" Tap. Four legs good. Two legs—no, you learned it bad.



Separating the farce from the froth

TOSS OF MONEY

By Will Evans and Valentine
Directed by Derek Goldby

THE SCIENCE

By Nikolai Erdman
Directed by Stephen Kate

Apparently embarrassed by the macro-thin excuse for a play that director Derek Goldby has artfully pressure-cooked into a mandarin froth, the Shaw Festival has provided notes on the history and meaning of farce for the education of the press corps attending *Toss of Money*. It turns out that farce has "an underlying threat of violence," can be a potent influence of social inequity and should be played on the "thin line which separates humor and tragedy." Someone put their plays crossed: these comments might apply to *The Science* even though this production does not fully illuminate the comments, but they are completely irrelevant to *Toss of Money*.

Plot? You must be joking. This is poverty-stricken arctic country, where over-drunken bank accounts are shelled on stiff Bert upper lips and style is all. These seared ingredients freeze poetically deaths faded in cash in an extended will, oversteering and scheming by the better and more, and innumerable cases of mistaken identity. No matter. Heath Lambert, God's gift to Canada, is onstage replacing his classic one-man show, *Gunga Din*, as the evening has its ecstatic moments, and the encounters between Lambert's bankrupt boy and his butler (Barry MacGregor) are object lessons in split-second comic timing. Unfortunately, this "great Aldrich fester" doesn't provide enough of the fast and comical thrills necessary for consistent low comedy, so talented comedians such as Robin Craig and Wendy Thatcher are driven to make gagging in order to sustain audience interest during vast expanses of written monologue. Goldby has directed with his usual precision, inventiveness and bawdiness energy, but was it really worth the trouble?

The Science, written by Roman playwright Nikolai Erdman in 1936 and based by Stille, is worth the effort. A farce (it) begins totalitarianism to put on a human face, *The Science* examines the individual trapped in the absurdities of a criminal system with insight and pathos. However, despite director Stephen Kate's imaginative touches, the play's rough-hewn topography has



Thatcher (left), Gilles and Lambert (right) preside in a macro-thin play



Michael Ball (left) and Gilles a freshly posed two-hour one-ner

been flattered by too many high jinks and a frantic pace which transforms this potentially moving black comedy into a two-hour one-ner.

Andre Gilles displays great comic virtuosity as Semyon, the would-be suicide poster by representatives of various lobby groups from butchers to intellectuals who want him to write a science note proclaiming he did for (kew). But his final plea to the authorities to be granted only "the right to whisper" becomes overdrawn and hollow, without prior evidence substantiating the misery of his condition and the grinding contradictions of Stalinist policy,

the sentiment is incongruous and unsatisfying.

The opening is stunning. Semyon is jolted out of sleep into a nightmare of a set with seven doors all in a row flanked by two grey apparitions and crowded with a group statue featuring a fallen comrade dead from revolutionary causes. But the feeling of terror generated at this moment and others like it never survives the production's insistent comic onslaught. The spirited attack includes wonderful scenes from Irene Hagan as Semyon's mother-in-law, who tries to abort his suicidal tendencies with hilariously deadpan anecdotes, and Stephen Quarrie as an ancient proletarian engineer specializing in peering through bathroom peepholes "from a Marxist point of view." As Semyon's wife, Robin Craig deserves better than to wallow in all evening, thoroughly irritating both cast and audience. This pointed anti-stalinism in both the writing and the bizarre set paradoxically undercuts the farce genre, which seems to thrive on stretching the suspension of belief to its outer limits without quite going beyond them.

The program notes to *The Science* also stress the absurdity of Erdman's play and his subsequent perversion, and the festival is a while in danger of over-explaining its product and misdirecting audience expectations. It might be wiser policy to let audiences draw their own conclusions with more substance on the stage and less on the page.

—MATE CLARENCE

The Financial Post

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showed *The Financial Post* Magazine had a 49% increase in readership (the largest of any national magazine), it's time to celebrate. We're more than just breakfast reading and you've just read why. So remembering that great motto's think after, Cheers!



The Financial Post
We Earn Our Interest

If he had a hammer

Never seek a minister; that would question the wisdom of the appointment

By Allan Fotheringham

The main problem with the Trudeau cabinet—aside from its incoherence, mediocrity, its lack of strong opinions, its meandering, away-backed style—is that practically all the members are in the wrong portfolios. Efforts everywhere are in mess-and-potatoes ministries. Many-headed rascals fumble delicate departments. Men who do like women are put in charge of areas teaching an opposite. Pierre Elliott

Trudeau is filled with the liveliest, most stimulating ladies around. The obvious solution is that Lalonde should be put in charge of the Status of Women. He would find, to his great surprise, that Alberta actually has women also, sprinkled intermittently among its population.

Allan MacEachern, we feel, has been unfairly maligned. The brooding, 45-year-old minister, to be honest, can't be blamed for our economic woes. He didn't invent inflation. He didn't dis-



cover unemployment. He didn't control high interest rates. He hasn't done anything. Roger Wilson is innocent also. The West-talking agriculture minister is openly bored with counselling such farmers as witness his increasingly banal campaign against a leadership bid. External Affairs is his natural home. Canada, for once represented abroad, is the emissaries and cocktail parties of the chancelleries, by someone who is truly representative of all that is great about Canada: its life, its dress, its food and speaking neither of the two official languages. Foreigners would praise us for our banality.

Robert Kaplan, the earnest solicitor-general, is obviously in the wrong place. The right place would be a director of a summer camp, in charge of volleyball, on Toronto Island. Jean-Luc Pequin, the poet currently in charge of housing, would be the most happy man in Ottawa at a change. These who still doubt the enigmati-

city and sardonic humor of the Trudeau mind need only refresh themselves by rereading the posting of Pequin into Transport, with all those stylish but able steel mills and bowties of wheat before him. He likes to talk. Put him in Culture. Or in employer Prince Fox, who can't talk.

Fox, the handsome Rhodes Scholar from Quebec, goes to Fisheries. Let him

soak awhile. It will help him grow.

Walter Gomon would be brought back into the cabinet, now that the Lib-

erals are adopting all the policies that were the reason they drove him out of the main circle.

Jean Chrétien in Justice is a laugh too. There he is spending practically all his time these days figuring out how to be the next leader (and since he's worked hard on the constitution amendment, a special portfolio would be devised for him: Secretary of State in Charge of Figuring Out How To Be the Next Leader).

John Roberts looks so uncomfortable in these

big waters pretending to be concerned about wild rams. John also wants to be leader and is more at home with the forest than aught else.

He would go to Agriculture and instead of big waters could wear slip-on goat boots.

Gilles Lamontagne, the defense minister, is a natural for Finance, where he could defend the dollar, which is about in the same shape as the F-16.

Rona Campagnolo would be brought back into cabinet mostly because she's the only one with as much hair as Lloyd Axworthy. Lloyd would go to a newly created portfolio tentatively named Shell Shock, where he could oversee wearing a crew cut in hopes of initiating a new career.

Breck Gray, who wants to be leader as much as he has grown out of his crew cut in a desperate attempt at transformation, would go to Northern Affairs, to co-solitude the Eskimo vote at the next election.

John Major, the only man to make a harbinger an offensive weapon, would naturally shift to Defense.

The prime minister has never ignored my advice before.

He would find, to his great surprise, that Alberta actually has women also, sprinkled intermittently among its population.

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